

JUNE, 1939



EVECTOR IN MAUGET: ENDEAVOUR'S BLL'



SAMARA

JUNE, 1939



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT: ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

-Browning



ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS



EASTER MORNING AT ELMWOOD, APRIL, 1939

Elmwood

Rockcliffe Park Ottawa



STAFF

Mrs.	C. H. Buck	His	story, Scripture				
Miss	E. M. Mills, Form	us{VI Upper Matric	History, Latin				
Miss	M. Blair	Form VI Matric	English				
Mademoiselle Y. Juge. Form V MatricFrench							
Miss	B. Adams	Form V BMathemati	cs, Geography				
Miss	G. Estrup	Form V C	rman and Latin				
Miss	D. Orbell	Forms III A, III B, II, I.					
Miss	K. A. Neal	Preparatory	. Junior School				
Miss	B. H. Eason	Dancing	and Dramatics				
		,					
Miss	M. Woolaver	Mathematics, Science, Ph	ysical Training				
Miss	D. C. Tipple		House Mistress				
Miss	A. MacLean		. Nurse-Matron				
Miss	C. K. Moore		Secretary				
VISITING STAFF							
Miss	H. M. May		Art				
Miss	N. Lawson		natics, Science				

MAGAZINE STAFF

Boarders' Notes......Susan Kenny Photography......Susan Edwards Advertising Staff: Margaret Gerard Gaye Douglas Muriel Inkster Montreal......Gloria Vaughan

EXCHANGES

We gratefully acknowledge receiving the following:-

Trinity University Review—Trinity University,
Toronto

The Ashburian—Ashbury College

Ovenden Chronicle—Ovenden

The Branksome Slogan—Branksome Hall

Lower Canada College Magazine—Lower Canada College

Lux Glebana—Glebe Collegiate

The Pibroch—Strathallan School

Trafalgar Echoes—Trafalgar School

Hatfield Hall Magazine — Hatfield Hall Magazine

Bishop's College School Magazine—Bishop's College School

Edgehill Review—Edgehill

St. Andrew's College Review—St. Andrew's College

In Between Times—Upper Canada College

St. Helen's School Magazine—St. Helen's School

The Study Chronicle—The Study

The Beaver Log—Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School.

We are extremely grateful to Mr. Archdale for his kindness in inviting the boarders to attend communion and morning services in Ashbury Chapel on several Sundays.

Our thanks are due to Miss Estrup, Miss Blair and Mr. Rowley Hooper for their assistance in editing the magazine and also to the advertising committee for their co-operation.



UNVEILING OF THE NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL BY HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI



:77

THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH AT OTTAWA

GOD SAVE THE KING

The glorious crown, all flaming, With myriad darts of light;
The trumpets loudly shrilling;
Great crowds to left and right
Acclaim him joyously;
"God save the King."

Thus through all the centuries,
Of England's ancient pride,
Where the realm o'er foreign seas
Extended far and wide,
These words in triumph rang—
"God save the King."

The flag in all its glory,
Raised on a distant shore,
Now tells the same great story
As it told an age before.
The splendid tale of heroes,
Who lived and fought and died,—
So gallant, for their country's sake,
Their graves her pride,—
Fought for British Liberty,
Died to give the world
Mercy, peace, and equity
Where'er her flag is furled.

So, mindful of a noble past
Whose glory cannot die,
We answer to the trumpet blast
Words echoing to the sky:
"God save the King."

The Visit of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth to Ottawa

THE trepidation natural to literary amateurs who attempt expositions on situations of national importance is momentarily dispelled by the vast feeling of enthusiasm and emotional expansion unanimous amongst British subjects, possibly more than ever before. Never, certainly in the memory of the younger generation, has national and international interest been so focussed upon one central point.

The visit of their Majesties, our King and Queen, has served to bind us more closely to themselves as individuals; for, excellent as is the service of our newspapers and movies, their great and indescribable charm cannot be translated by any medium. And their presence has done more than this—for the first time in several years, war and disaster have ceased to dominate our front pages. Dictatorship and rearmament have been dismissed from our conversation. During the transcontinental tour, troops are much in evidence, but only as symbols of law, order and our homage to the Motherland.

It is significant that, not only throughout Canada, but from coast to coast in the United States, people of all types and ranks have sunk their differences and their very individuality, to unite in a continent's spontaneous acclaim. Sincere and heartfelt, a great roar goes up from America: "God Save the King and Queen!"

—G. Z. E.

@**~**0

GLIMPSES DURING THE ROYAL VISIT

HATEAU LOBBY . . . people in evening dress, hurrying through the building at 2.30 p.m. . . . A flash of colour as a Mountie goes on his way. . . . Men and women trying to get into the hotel and others trying to get out. Both parties trying without much success. . . Whispers flying through the air at intervals. . . . Will they come through the lobby to-night? No. . . . later. Did they go through? Yes, ——and I left this place to go outside! . . . An elevator-boy bursting with

pride because he took the King and Queen up. . . . Women carried in fainting from the street.

Outside . . . a wistful-eyed dog running from one person to another. . . . Bands playing sunlight beating down binoculars focussed on the R. C. A. F. men lining the route. . . . My, aren't they good looking! People massed all around the station and down Elgin Street. Thousands of them. At the unveiling, necks craning towards a speck of white moving amongst the crowd . . . and from it cheer upon cheer is coming. . . . People standing in the rain watching the fireworks pushing past the barriers of bayonets. . . . good-humoured and laughing . . and all across Canada they cheer themselves hoarse.

—W. Cross Keller

e~

THE ARRIVAL OF OUR KING AND OUEEN

N the morning of May 19th, we were hurrying excitedly to get our first glimpse of our King and Queen. As we walked down the street we saw that every house had some kind of banner or Union The Airforce looked very smart in their blue-grey uniforms, guarding the front gates to Rideau Hall, while the Mounted Police guarded the others. At Rideau Hall, people were waiting to be presented to the King and Queen. We saw some of the rooms where their Majesties were going to entertain. They were decorated beautifully with flowers, so that when you entered the room you almost felt as though you were walking in a garden. From an upstairs window we could see guides and scouts marching to their places on both sides of the avenue leading up to Rideau Hall. The view was lovely from here. Away off in the background were the hazy Gatineau Hills and the river. The trees were budding, the birds were singing and though it had been raining earlier in the morning, the sun was struggling to shine as though it too, wanted to see the King and Queen.

At last, after an hour and a half's wait, we had our first glimpse of the processiontwo policemen on motorcycles. Then a police car—then the dragoons, and next would come the Royal Carriage. The suspense was terrible. All of a sudden there they were bowing to cheering guides and scouts. It was almost too good to be true. As they drew closer and I could see them more plainly, I had the funniest feeling inside me. Just to think that after all our waiting they had come. The Queen looked simply beautiful. She was dressed in a lilac shade with all accessories to match. Over her dress was a light brown fur cape. She had a little flowery hat with a veil hanging from it which made her look even more beautiful. The King had on the uniform of a Field Marshal, and he looked very handsome indeed. The Queen's jet black hair showed up her beautiful white skin. Over their Majesties' knees was a black and white rug, and beside the Queen was a lovely bouquet of flowers which were presented to her on her arrival. We could no longer see them now as the carriage had gone under the arch at the entrance to Rideau Hall, but they left an unforgettable picture in my mind of two very charming people. The Queen looked as though she had stepped out of a Fairy Book. No camera can portray her real beauty. For the first time I realized how proud I was to be a British subject with such gracious Sovereigns for my King and Queen.

> —Mary Wurtele, Fry House

WHAT A WEEK-END!

WHAT a week-end! Flags flying, bugles blowing, bands playing and troops marching in their colorful uniforms, and Elmwood well to the fore!!

Canada is more than honoured this year at having the King and Queen of the British Empire in our country. Their Majesties stayed with us here in Ottawa for three days. Thousands of men, women and children flocked in the streets where they would pass, all seething with excitement and joy at seeing their King and Queen. Parliament Hill was a magnificent sight at the Trooping of the Color, and all Canada was deeply

impressed when King George unveiled the National War Memorial.

The three days in which they were in Ottawa literally flew by, and when Their Majesties departed from here, we all felt how sad it was to see them go, and could only wish them as much happiness on their journey through this country as they had given to us.

—Gloria Vaughan

A BOARDER'S LETTER HOME

Sunday, May 21st, 1939.

Dear Mother,

Honestly, I don't know where to begin! What a weekend! I guess I'll begin with Friday.

After seeing her Majesty's arrival, we dashed home for dinner and dashed back again to see them leave for Parliament. Just as the Queen was opposite me she turned and waved and smiled. I was standing in the front row so there was no one to smile at—what I mean is she naturally looked at the people in the front row and there I was! She looked straight at me.

Next morning [Saturday] we got up at some unearthly hour and went in taxis to the Parliament Buildings. We had the Senate's Smoking Room for the Trooping of the Colour. Then we headed for home. We bought some balloons [I am enclosing one for Timmy] and blew them up in the street-car. We were the only ones on the car and the conductor was a dear. He stopped it and rummaged for some string, then we all marched up to School in a line with balloons trailing after us.

We grabbed lunch and then the Blacks came. I went out with them. We went to the Chateau and wandered through to the station, had a look and wandered back. We found out what door the King and Queen were arriving at [it was the ballroom] and then went and stood as close as we could. We got there at 6.30 and stood till 8.00 p.m. Then they came. Again we were right in the front row and as close as possible and saw everything. We saw Mackenzie King shaking hands with them and everything. We had heard that the Queen was going to appear on the balcony at 5 to 8 before dinner, so we dashed towards the front. We got to the

edge of the sidewalk to where the taxis are and they would not let us go any further. Of course, there were dozens of people there already. However, we broke the line and made a dash. We got in the middle of the sidewalk on the other side of the taxis and could get no further. We were in the middle of the crowd and we met one of the mistresses with two other girls, so we all started cheering. Mother, I have never had so much fun in all my life. Here we were in the middle of the biggest crowd I have ever seen, yelling "We want the King!" and "We want the Queen" at the top of our lungs. We also sang "For they are jolly good fellows", "It's a long Way to Tipperary", and "There's a long, long trail awinding", and we shouted hooray and yelled for the King and Queen. This went on till about 10.30 p.m. The King and Queen were out at last but a platform had been built so that they could just come out directly in front. As a result all we saw was their hands waving, but some of the other girls had the most wonderful view.

We decided we had better head for school then, but all the traffic was stopped so we stayed awhile and watched the fireworks. We got to bed late and as I had the huge balloon blown up underneath my bed I expected to be wakened any time during the night with it bursting. However, it didn't.

We had to get up at some unearthly hour again this morning and we had the beauty parlour at the Chateau looking over towards the Monument. We saw the King and Queen drive up in the car [with the top down] and we heard the King speak. We had programs and we saw a lot. After it was all over we waited for the King and Queen to drive away, but do you know what they did? They walked all around the Monument and then gaily started walking down the road amongst the crowd, paying no attention to the car that was waiting, and talking to all the people. We could not see them very well but the Queen wore white which was wonderful because she stood out against everyone else and you could always see this white spot moving about. After they had walked for quite a piece their car drove up, they got in and did not sit down—they stood and the car

drove very, very slowly. Then they sat down and the car went faster, but Oh Mother, it was just wonderful.

We then walked through to the station, got our taxis and came home. The minute we got in we asked Miss Estrup to 'phone Mrs. Buck and beg her to let us go down to Government House and see them off at 2. She said we could. It was then I o'clock. dinner was not ready and there would be thousands of people. We started dinner at 5 past one and we were through at a quarter past and were down at Rideau Hall at 25 past. We had to walk all the way. We got marvellous places. Right in the front row on Sussex Street, just a little piece from the corner. It was better than standing around by the gate because we were closer. I had my camera and I think I took a good picture. However, that remains to be seen. Mother, I saw them both just marvellously. The sun came out and we were right beside them and Oh—well, no-one could see them any better. I took the picture, took a good look at them and then ran all the way down to the Bridges beside the Car. I didn't look where I ran-I just ran!

Mother, did you see them very well? On Friday when the Queen smiled at me I almost died. She was just gorgeous. And on Saturday night in a glorious white dress with sparkly stuff all over and a short fur cape—and he—well he is more like his pictures than she is. And Oh yes, I had been so disappointed because every time I had seen him he had looked so grave and serious, but this afternoon he was smiling. But I'll never get over how beautiful she looked in her wonderful diamond tiara and white dress, with full, full skirt and sparkles on it, and everything, as she stepped out of the car at the ballroom of the Chateau and turned to smile at the press man in the road taking a picture.

Hope this letter doesn't bore you, but I had to tell you everything we did.

Best of love,

THE ROYAL VISIT—Anticipation

When they set out for Canada, Three thousand miles away, The crowd was cheering heartily, For King and Queen were silently Setting out for Canada, Three thousand miles away. The bands were playing merrily The anthems of the Crown, While Canada was listening, Her countrymen all singing; While the bands were playing merrily The anthems of the Crown. When they arrive in Canada, To greet the people there, Quebec will all be cheering And shout beyond their hearing, "Hurrah they've arrived in Canada, To greet the people there."

—Joan Somerville

WELCOME

W elcome to our Queen and King, Everywhere the people sing; Loudly drums and trumpets ring, C hildren Union Jacks will fling, Our allegiance we will bring, Many times this happy Spring; Everyone hails Queen and King.

—MARY OSLER

೦೦೦

MATRICULATION RESULTS

Last year's matriculation results are as follows:—Abbreviations are:—

lst = lst class honours; 2nd = 2nd class honours; 3rd = 3rd class honours; C = Credit; R = Recommendation.

UPPER SCHOOL RESULTS

Anne Bethune—French Authors, R; French Composition, R.

Margaret Main—French Authors, R; Modern History, 2nd; English Composition, C; English Literature, C; Geometry, C; French Composition, 3rd.

Patricia Milliken—Latin Authors, R; Latin Composition, R;

Margaret Parkin—Geometry, R; Physics, R; Chemistry, R;

Rita Rich—Latin Composition, R; French Composition, R; English Composition, C.

Patricia Spendlove—English Composition, R; French Authors, R; French Composition, R; English Literature, 1st; German Authors, 3rd.

MIDDLE SCHOOL RESULTS

- Nancy Baker—Algebra, R; English Literature, C; Ancient History, C; Physics, C.
- Anne Bethune—Latin Authors, R; Latin Composition, R; German Authors, R; German Composition, R; Canadian History, R; Geometry, 3rd.
- Joan Daniels—French Authors, R; Ancient History, C; French Composition, C; German Authors, C.
- Mary Maxwell Edwards—Ancient History, R; English Composition, R; English Literature, R; French Authors, R; Algebra, 2nd; French Composition, 3rd.
- Susan Edwards—Canadian History, R; Geometry, C; Physics, C; Chemistry, C; French Authors, C; French Composition, C.
- Gillian German—English Composition, R; English Literature, R; Physics, R; Ancient History, C; Algebra, 1st.
- Winsome Hooper—Latin Authors, R; Latin Composition, R; German Authors, 3rd; German Composition, C.
- Muriel Inkster—English Composition, R; English Literature, 3rd; Algebra, 1st; Physics, C.
- Ailsa Mathewson—Algebra, R; French Authors, R; German Authors, R; Canadian History, R; Geometry, C; French Composition, C.
- Patricia O'Donnell—Ancient History, R; Latin Authors, C; French Authors, 3rd; French Composition, C; German Authors, 3rd.
- Mary Paterson—Ancient History, R; English Composition, R; English Literature, R; French Authors, R; French Composition, R; Algebra, 2nd.
- Cynthia Sims—English Literature, C; Ancient History, C; Algebra, C.
- Rita Rich—Physics, R; Canadian History, R. Jane Smith—Latin Authors, R; German Authors, R; Canadian History, R; Geometry, 3rd; Latin Composition, C.
- Gloria Vaughan—French Composition, R; English Composition, C; English Literature, C; Ancient History, C; French Authors, C.
- Dorothy Wardle—Chemistry, R; Latin Authors, R; Physics, R; Geometry, C; Latin Composition, 3rd.

Condolences

In the passing of the Hon. Thomas Ahearn, Elmwood lost a great and valued friend. A founder and governor of the School, he had watched its progress from its early days and Elmwood owes him a debt of gratitude for generous financial assistance and an interest which never waned.

We should like to take this opportunity of again expressing our sympathy to Mrs. Harry Southam.

We were deeply grieved at the passing of Betty Hogg Cameron, whom we remember with much affection as a pupil of Elmwood.

All the girls join in expressing their heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Buck in the loss of her father.

It was with great regret that we heard of the passing of Mrs. Peck, the sister of Mrs. Edward Fauquier, who has our deepest sympathy in her loss.

We would like, too, to offer our sincerest sympathy to Patricia Spendlove and Marjorie MacKinnon and Nancy Haultain, who have had great bereavements in their families during the year, and to Dr. Tory, a very good friend of the School, in the recent passing of Mrs. Tory.



FRY HOUSE NOTES

THIS year we made a good start by winning the House Play and the House Collection, and so far we are ahead in the basketball matches and the number of stars.

We congratulate all last year's prize winners:

Margaret Parkin—Summa Summarum.

Margaret Parkin—Short Story.

Kay Warner—Special High Endeavour.

Susan Kenny—Philpot Token.

Marjorie McKinnon—Dramatics Prize. Marjorie McKinnon—Bible Essay.

Diana Saunders—Gold Music Medal.

Nancy Riley—Art Prize.
Joan Daniels—Tennis Doubles [senior]. Norah Lewis—Tennis Doubles [inter].

Gloria Vaughan has been our active Sports Captain during the year, and Mackie Edwards her able assistant; Gloria is also Vice-Sports Captain of the School.

The teams are as follows:--

BASKETBALL

1st Team Shots—Frances Bell, Joan Daniels; Guards—Ann Shaw, Norah Lewis; Centre Guard—Gloria Vaughan; Roving Centre— Joan Thompson.

2nd Team Shots—Betty Massey, Susan Kenny; Guards—Mary Wurtele, Diana Saunders; Centre Guard—Pat O'Donnell: Roving Centre—Mackie Edwards.

BADMINTON

Frances Bell, Joan Thompson, Gloria Vaughan, Joan Daniels.

TENNIS

The team is not yet chosen.

We were sorry that Phillida Whitby had to leave us in February to go to England, and we all wish her the best of luck.

We wish every success to those who are leaving this year, and hope that all who are returning will endeavour to live up to the House ideals.

The members of the House are: Joan Daniels..... House Prefect.

Susan Kenny...) Mackie Edwards. | Pat O'Donnell...

Monitors.

Gloria Vaughan

Frances Bell, Jean Bryson, Nadine Christie, Diana Gill, Lois Lambert, Norah Lewis, Betty Massey, Mary Osler, Damaris Owen, Ann Shaw, Diana Saunders, Jean Stewart, Joan Thompson, Phillida Whitby, Mary Wurtele.

Staff—Miss Mills, Miss Moore, Miss Orbell, Miss Blair, Miss Wincott.

000

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE NOTES

House Motto—"Non Nobis Solum." "Not for Ourselves Alone."

AST year Nightingale won the House Shield; at present, unfortunately, we are behind in the number of stars. We also won the Tennis Shield, but our team this year is not yet decided.





HEAD PREFECTS

Jane Smith Anne Bethune



HEADS OF HOUSES
Anne Bethune Susan Edwards Joan Daniels



SCHOOL MONITORS Susan Kenny, Mary Paterson, Pat O'Donnell, Gloria Vaughan, Mackie Edwards



We should like to congratulate Margaret Gerard on being the first in Nightingale to win the House Motto award.

Last year's prize-winners were as follows: Margaret Gerard—House Motto. Winsome Hooper—Dramatic Art. Winsome Hooper—Music Improvement. Mary Paterson—Physical Training. Anne Bethune—Proficiency. Rita Rich—Improvement. (Pamela Booth—[Special]. Elizabeth Edwards—Speech Improvement. Ogden Blackburn—Scripture Award. Dorothy Wardle—Short Story [2nd] Maisie Howard—Special Art Prize. Maisie Howard Major Murray's Essay. Mary Paterson Pamela Booth Gillian German Margaret Gerard Posture Girdles Anne Bethune Dorothy Wardle—Senior Sports Cup. Mary Paterson—Intermediate Sports Cup. Maisie Howard—Senior Tennis Singles. Maisie Howard—Senior Tennis Doubles. Margaret Gerard—Intermediate Tennis

We were fortunate in winning the Badminton Cup this year; the team is as follows:

2nd Singles Muriel Inkster
lst Doubles Margaret Gerard
Muriel Inkster
2nd Doubles Mary Paterson
Joan Somerville

1st Singles Margaret Gerard

Singles.

BASKETBALL TEAM

lst Team—Mary Paterson, Muriel Inkster, Joan Somerville, Cynthia Sims, Margaret Gerard, Anne Bethune.

2nd Team—Priscilla Aylen, Elizabeth Edwards, Ogden Blackburn, Norma Wilson.

We were sorry that Joyce Tetley left after Christmas. However, we hope that she will be back with us next year.

We should like to welcome all newcomers to Nightingale, and hope that they will maintain the traditions of the House. To those who are leaving, we wish the best of luck.

The members of Nightingale are: Anne Bethune—Head of House. Gillian German—House Senior. Mary Paterson—Monitor, House Sports Captain, School Sports Captain. Margaret Gerard—Vice Sports Captain.

Priscilla Aylen, Patricia Archdale, Ogden Blackburn, Pamela Booth, Betty Caldwell, Elizabeth Edwards, Frances Foster, Muriel Inkster, Ruth Osler, Cynthia Sims, Joan Somerville, Diana Warner, Diana Wilson, Norma Wilson.

Mistresses—Miss Neal, Miss MacLean, Miss May, Miss Butler, Miss Estrup.

eso

KELLER HOUSE NOTES

ELLER welcomes the newcomers of this year and wishes them the best of luck during their stay at Elmwood. To those who are leaving we want to express the hope that they have enjoyed the time they have spent with us.

At the end of last year we were fortunate in winning the Inter-House Sports Cup, and Keller was also well represented by the following list of prize-winners. Congratulations, Keller!

Public Speaking—Margaret Main.
Archery Cup—Bea Black.
Photography Prize—S. Edwards.
Improvement in Dramatics—S. Edwards.
Junior High Endeavor—J. Edwards.
Intermediate Sports Cup—J. Creighton.
IInd Form Sports Cup—J. Edwards.

Posture Girdles { Claire Wilson | Joan Creighton | During the Autumn we played basket-ball

enthusiastically, but broke our good record of last year, and came in second to Fry. However, we believe that our team only needs a little more practice to give us every chance for success this spring.

We are looking forward also to the tennis tournaments later on, and fondly expect that herein lies our prowess!

Our teams are as follows:

BASKETBALL.

First —S. Edwards, A. Powell [Centres] G. Douglas, J. Gilmour [Shots] N. Baker, B. Black [Guards]

Second — N. Bowman, C. Wilson [Centres]
J. Alexander, C. P. Robertson
[Shots]

J. Creighton, W. Cross [Guards]

BADMINTON

First Singles —G. Douglas Second Singles —N. Baker

First Doubles — G. Douglas — N. Baker

Second Doubles —{J. Alexander A. Powell

TENNIS

Our Tennis team has not yet been selected.

We managed to make a good House record last year in sports, and we still have great hopes for winning the house shield, although we are just a little behind in stars at the moment.

Gaye Douglas is our able Sports Captain, and Nancy Baker is Vice-Captain.

The members of the House this year are:

Sue Edwards—House Prefect. Jane Smith—Head Boarder. Nancy Doane—Prefect.

Juliet Alexander, Nancy Baker, Bea Black, Nancy Bowman, Joan Creighton, Winifred Cross, Anne Davies, Gaye Douglas, Janet Edwards, Jessie Gilmour, Vivian King, Anne Powell, Clair Perley-Robertson, Claire Wilson, Sarah Wallace.

Staff — Miss Adams, Miss Eason, Mademoiselle Juge.

PEACE

WTORLD peace is not impossible, but it is highly improbable. In the first place, few people realize what peace is. As individuals, and as nations, we talk glibly of peace, and how to establish it, but only in an abstract, rather narrowminded way. To some it is merely a respite from war; to others it is a foolish dream which had best be forgotten.

Peace is neither of these. It is, certainly, the absence of war, but it is not that alone. It is a dream as well, but it is far from being a foolish one. The greatest mistake is to define peace as a negative quality. Peace is as positive a quality as war. We must cease to think of it as a passive, quiescent state of affairs, or as an interval between wars. We must realize what peace means.

But even when we fully understand its meaning, peace is not easy to achieve. It requires more than the guidance of inspired leaders, more than the vain sacrifices of eternal wars to end wars, to accomplish peace. It means the ceaseless, untiring effort of every single individual toward peace, for peace is primarily a question of harmony between individuals. And striving for peace is not merely talking of its desirability. It means the shedding of prejudice, prejudice of class, of colour, and of nationality. It means the absolute willingness to forget oneself, to understand the points of view of others, and to accept them if necessary. Peace cannot be brought about until

the world has been made almost perfect, free from injustice, from crime, from oppression, and from poverty. Such a world is difficult to imagine, but so it must be if we are to have peace.

And lastly, peace can only grow out of a firm desire for it, and the absolute conviction that it is a necessity. We are too prone to believe that war is inevitable, and that there is nothing we can do about it. Wars have been raging for centuries, but by the same token, peace has also existed. We must realize that war is an evil which has to be overcome, and that all through the centuries the desire for peace has fostered great deeds and noble thoughts. Whenever war breaks out, man has failed in his mission. There is a theory that eternal peace would mean eternal stagnation. If peace were no more than the absence of conflict, this theory would be true. But peace must be striven for, since it is necessary in order that humanity may have time to produce works of art and to forward the progress of civilization.

Peace is an ideal which cannot, perhaps, be reached. Nevertheless, it, like perfection of character, must continue to be an ideal after which to strive. Peace is not impossible, but human nature must change greatly before it can be achieved.

A. Bethune— Nightingale

Prefect Notes

Jane Smith:

"There is nothing like fun, is there?"

Sme is head boarder as well as being a senior prefect. Although she is taking some Upper School matric, she finds time to spend up in the Art room, doing strange things with charcoal or oils. She keeps up faithfully with events in her home town [Toronto] and studiously scans the papers daily. The bane of her life, we hear repeatedly, is Algebra—and we gather that she is very fond of the New York night life! She is planning to give the Canadian West the once-over this Summer, and in the Fall she hopes to go to Toronto University. We wish you the best of luck, Jane, whatever you do.



Gill, since she became a House Senior after Easter, is our day-girl representative. Her ambition is to be an architect, [which is at least original], but some sceptic might remark that so far she has not finished her matric, although she is hoping to do so this year. She likes bright colours, and long hair, since she's had hers cut! Her reason for not being an enthusiastic athlete is "my foot" as she apologetically informs us. We wish her luck in her career as architect, but we quake when we think of the trend houses will take about the year 1950!

Joan Daniels:

"Whistle while you work."

Joan is Head of Fry and Secretary of Toc H, the Circle of the Lamp. She plays a roaring game of jacks, as most of us know, to our sorrow. She is also keen on the more orthodox sports of tennis and basketball. She is fond of anything that is turquoise blue, peppermint patties and Ladies' Home Journal. She hopes to complete her Junior Matric, and next year expects to be a deb. in Montreal. As she is not sure that this is what she wants to do, we wish her luck if she attempts anything more ambitious.













Anne Bethune:

"Je suis mais je ne reste pas."

Anne is working for her Senior Matric and also finds time to run Nightingale House. Anne is the lady of the Sitting room and you will always see her pouring out Friday tea. She is a lover of fluffy Pomeranians and Summer holidays. She dislikes wild horses and you can never find her if there is a spider in the house. At present she is learning to drive a car and we fear for innocent dogs and unwary pedestrians. Anne is hoping to go to University next year. We doubt if she will ever stop working; but she loves fun like the rest of us and knows how to play as well as work.

Nancy Doane:

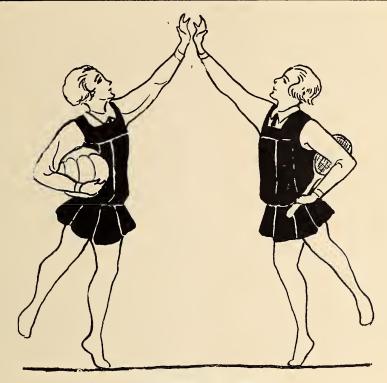
"I gazed and gazed, but little thought."

Nancy is in the Arts Form, and spends most of her time painting in the Art Room. Besides this, her hobbies are riding, gazing out the window, and being original about her spelling. She loathes mice and arithmetic. She dotes on her Airedale, Junior, and occasionally brings him into the Sitting room, where he causes general chaos. She wants to go to Boston to study Art, or to help Miss May with her Saturday morning Art classes, or possibly to go to MacDonald to learn to cook. We gather that Nancy's future is very undecided.

Susan Edwards:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Besides being head of Keller House, she is also the official collector of the School. She runs around pleading the causes of various charities and extorting hard-earned pennies from reluctant philanthropists. She is finishing her Junior Matric as well as taking a few Arts subjects and hopes next year to go to College and take up photography. We, who have suffered from her candid camera shots, hope she has fun.



SPORTS NOTES

THIS year we welcomed to the staff as Sports mistress, Miss Woolaver, under whose guidance we have greatly improved our technique and enthusiasm. So, thank you, Miss Woolaver, for a very pleasant sports year.

Sports Day [1938] last year was held on May 21st, some time earlier than usual, and it proved a great success in every way. It was a fine warm day and both the audience and participants enjoyed the events thoroughly.

Fry captured the Inter-House Cup, beating Nightingale at the last minute by two points. The other awards were as follows:—

Inter-House Relay — Nightingale
Inter-House Tug-of-War — Keller
Senior Sports Cup — D. Wardle
Intermediate Sports Cup—M. Paterson
Junior Sports Cup — J. Creighton
Preparatory Sports Cup — E. Paterson

BASKETBALL

We should like to extend our thanks to Mr. Archdale for the use of the Ashbury Gym,

where we again carried on Basketball throughout the winter. Two groups, one of seniors and one of juniors, went on Mondays and Thursdays respectively, to practise.

Basketball has always been the main school sport at Elmwood, but this year we were very glad to note a greater amount of enthusiasm than usual, particularly amongst the seniors.

We were very glad to play against the Ottawa Ladies' College in their gym this winter and, though we were very badly beaten, their hospitality soon put us at our ease.

This year, the gods so favoured Fry that she won the Inter-House Basketball matches, and had the outstanding record of winning all her matches.

The real highlight of Autumn Basketball, however, was the riotous game between the staff and the school teams, amid the lusty cheers of a very amused audience. The staff, puffing and panting as much as the girls, after the onslaught, came out victorious; 28-26.

BASKETBALL TEAM CRITICISMS

Mary Paterson:—Mary has been our centre forward throughout the Basketball season. She works well with her other forwards and contributes greatly to the speed of the game, but there is room for improvement in her shooting.

Joan Daniels:—Joan is a steady forward. She shoots best from near the basket and made good use of this in the Fall matches.

Frances Bell:—Frances' height is a great asset to the team. Her floor work is good, but unfortunately her shooting varies from day to day.

Joan Thomson:—Joan has improved steadily since September, both in speed, and accuracy of shooting. She has become one of our best forwards.

Gloria Vaughan:—Gloria is light for her position as guard, but is quick on her feet and jumps well.

Bea Black:—Bea has height to her advantage, and with more alertness, will make a very good guard.

Nancy Baker:—Nancy possesses the qualities of an excellent guard in her speed and jumping.

Norah Lewis:—Norah is a steady and dependable guard, but needs to move more quickly on the floor.

Sue Edwards:—Sue came back to school late, but was not long in working up to team standard. While her shooting needs improvement, she shows great speed and cooperation with the rest of the team.

HOCKEY AND SKATING

Unfortunately this winter a great many activities turned up to prevent much hockey, but those girls who so enjoyed it last year were sometimes to be seen ripping down the ice, hockey stick in hand. Of course skating on the school rink was as popular as ever, particularly among the boarders, and a largish group of Elmwood went down to the Minto.

We find some of our classmates really blossoming out in this winter sport, while others are still at the bump, bruise and groan stage.

TENNIS

Although we were sadly lacking in tennis players this year, we entered the Inter-Scholastic Tennis Matches again, and enjoyed some games with Glebe, by whose might we were overwhelmed in all but one encounter.

The Inter-House Cup, last year, went to Nightingale, after some closely fought battles.

The School Championships were as follows: Senior Doubles—M. Howard and J. Daniels Senior Singles—M. Howard Intermediate Doubles—B. Black and N. Lewis Intermediate Singles—M. Gerard.

BADMINTON

Played in the hall during the winter, badminton became even more popular than last year. The cup goes to Nightingale who had seven wins, closely seconded by Fry with five.

MISCELLANEOUS ACTIVITIES

In their respective seasons, ski-ing, riding and archery occupied the boarders' afternoons, scarcely one going by when a group did not enjoy one of these sports.

GYM AND DRILL

Under Miss Woolaver, this year, we have progressed far in gym and drill work. As usual, we used the ropes, rings, bars and horse in our gym.

We should like to thank all those who have served, timed or refereed at our basketball games, and also the old girls for three good games. There are very few people who are as welcome opponents as they.

Most of us feel that this year has been a particularly good one, from a point of view of sports.

May there be many more like it!

-Mary Paterson-Sports C



THE SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM
Back Row — N. Lewis, S. Edwards, F. Bell, B. Black, J. Thomson, J. Daniels
Front Row — N. Baker, M. Paterson, G. Vaughan.



Sports Captain Mary Paterson, Vice-Captain Gloria Vaughan



Joan Daniels Frances Bell

FRY BADMINTON TEAM Gloria Vaughan Joan Thomson



Mary Paterson Muriel Inkster

NIGHTINGALE BADMINTON TEAM Joan Somerville Margaret Gerard



Anne Powell

Nancy Baker



Norah Lewis

FRY TENNIS TEAM Joan Thomson Joan Daniels Susan Kenny



NIGHTINGALE TENNIS TEAM Muriel Inkster Frances Foster Margaret Gerard Joan Somerville



KELLER TENNIS TEAM

Gaye Douglas Susan Edwards

Juliet Alexande: Nancy Baker

SCHOOL CALENDAR

TERM I

September 15th.—School opened.

September 16th.—Farewell Presentation to Dean and Mrs. Salmon.

October 6th.—Basketball match against the Old Girls.

October 12th—Mr. Rollins talked about Canadian Wild Birds.

October 20th.—Mrs. Newcombe spoke on work done by Confederated Charities,

October 27th.—Basketball match against the Old Girls.

October 28th.—Hallowe'en Party.

October 31st.—Miss Deneke spoke about Oxford University.

November 10th-13th.—Long Week-end.

November 15th.—Miss Sayle told about the work of the Sunday School Mission.

November 18th.—Major McKeand spoke on the meaning of Poppy Day.

December 10th.—School Dance.

December 19th.—School Christmas Party.

December 20th.-January 10th.—Christmas Holidays.

TERM II

February 24th.-27th.-Long Week-end.

March 31st.—Senior Play.

April 5th.-17th.—Easter Holidays.

May 12th.—Nightingale House Day.

May 18th.—Keller House Day.

May 18th.—Match against the Old Girls.

May 19th.—Holiday in honour of Their Majesties' Arrival.

May 22.—Fry House Day.

June 8th.—Closing.

WIND IN THE PINE

I love to hear the moaning whine
Of the stormy wind upon the pine
And listen in the still of night
As it dashes by with all its might.

The thing that seems so nice to me, Is the lacy snowflakes upon this tree. And the wind shakes as it passes by, The snow from the stately tree-top high. I think the night is at its best
When all is quiet, and all is rest
Then the moon comes up and the stars shine
bright,

Upon this cold and frosty night.

Alone out there, alone she stands, Her branches sway like giant fans. But the wind still keeps upon its way Beyond the night far into day.

> —SARAH E. G. WALLACE Keller House



THIS year the Old Girls thought it would be a good idea if every Tuesday evening they could come to knit, sew or chat with the boarders. This plan was enthusiastically adopted. Every Tuesday about ten or more Old Girls arrived with various garments they were making for the Christmas collections [for if they did not sew they would have none of that delicious lemonade and those scrumptious biscuits—the main reason for our meeting!]

We have been extremely fortunate again this year in having so many excellent concerts.

A number of boarders are members of the Minto. We were again taken to the Minto Follies and sat in raptures during the performance of Megan Taylor and Hazel Franklin, but it was Frack who made our hearts skip a beat. We wish to thank Mrs. Alexander and Juliet, who very kindly invited us to the May Carnival, which was enjoyed tremendously.

Ottawa has been blessed with a large amount of snow this winter, so that the boarders had a great deal of skiing in the park, and once or twice at MacLean's Mountain Lodge.

Skating was a very popular sport. Most of the boarders and even some of the mistresses donned an old sweater and skirt, and a pair of skates and gaily glided over the ice while numerous spectators peered out from the classroom windows.

At the beginning of the year those working after study might hear a peculiar sound in the next room, and on investigating, they would find it to be caused by one of those things called 'bo-bos." Now the fad is hop-scotch. Among our other amusements are tennis, badminton, basketball, riding, jacks and dancing to the radio.

We would all like to thank Mrs. Kenny and Sue for taking us to that marvellous movie, "Wuthering Heights," and to tea after, at the Chateau. We also thank all those boarders who gave us birthday teas—and how we long for them!

One Saturday morning four boarders sallied out with the laudable intention of shovelling the rink, but, finding that a little difficult, they started to roll snowballs. A few other boarders gazed in amazement at such undignified procedure, but soon followed suit. After some argument as to what they should do with the snowballs, they started out to model the Sphinx and ended with a beautifully-sculptured Marie Antoinette.

On May the 8th, the fire bell rang out at ten o'clock at night and we all thoroughly enjoyed trooping down the fire-escape.



A QUIET SATURDAY EVENING IN THE INTERMEDIATE LOUNGE



7 A.M.

Drawings by J. Smith



D. Owen



S. Edwards



P. Archdale



S. Edwards



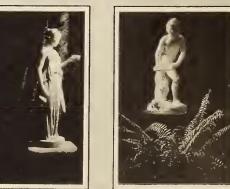


N. Baker



M. Paterson





S. Edwards





P. Booth



S. Edwards



P. Booth

21

Now we are at the close of a very happy school year, and we all realize that our interesting and enjoyable experiences have been largely due to Mrs. Buck's thoughtful planning and arrangement. In particular, we are profoundly grateful for the privileges of that never-to-be-forgotten week-end, when we had such wonderful opportunities of taking part in the Royal Visit. We wish to thank also all the resident staff, and especially Miss Tipple and Miss Maclean, for all their care of us during the year.

ೲ

SCHOOL DANCE

AFTER a lapse of several years, we had our school dance again on December 10th. After much planning, discussion and conjecture as to escorts, the Lambeth Walk, the decorations etc., the evening finally arrived, and proved to be a tremendous success.

The hall was charmingly decorated. Sharing the stage were pine trees, effectively lit, and the orchestra, which was capable of giving out all kinds of music, sweet and swing. Dozens, in fact, hundreds of balloons were hung from the ceiling in great bulging bunches. In the middle of the evening, these were lowered, and of course, everybody tried to seize as many as possible and to protect them as long as possible. Towards the end of the dance, supper was served—delicious and copious!

The next day, the general atmosphere was one of gratitude to the governors, to Mrs. Buck and all the members of the staff, who worked so indefatigably to make it a success. There was also evinced a desire to discuss, even then, plans for "next year".

೦೦೦

THE ROYAL VISIT

WE are all keenly sensible of our extraordinary good fortune to be in the Capital of Canada when their Majesties paid their first visit to our country. At Elmwood we have rejoiced in unique opportunities for seeing events which are perhaps the most thrilling we have ever experienced.

Through the great kindness of Mr. Gordon Edwards, we were privileged to view the arrival of their Majesties from his grounds immediately opposite the entrance to Government House. In this wonderful position we were able to see, without craning of necks, the military manoeuvres, in which we were all keenly interested, and then the breath-taking approach of our Sovereigns. There came the flash part of the Princess Louise Dragoons, the friendly dignity of the King, the smiling vision of the Queen and the procession vanished from our sight, while we remained standing there, too overwhelmed even to cheer, and wondering if it had all been a beautiful dream.

Another wonderful privilege took the form of an invitation from the Hon. Cairine Wilson to see from the Senate window the Trooping of the Colour—a unique experience for most of us, and one which stands out in our recollections of this unforgettable week-end.

We had several opportunities of being near to our King and Queen, for we could never see them often enough, and each time they charmed us even more than before. Perhaps the most breath-taking scene was the appearance of the King on the flood-lit balcony of the Chateau, and by his side the Queen, so lovely in shimmering white and sparkling with jewels.

On the morning of Sunday, May 21st, from the splendid vantage of a window in the Chateau, we gazed on the panorama of the War Memorial Unveiling. In the midst of a crowd, more tremendous than any we have witnessed, we could see the King and Queen encircled by War Veterans and we could hear his Majesty's words ring out as he described, so beautifully, our Memorial and all that it means.

In the afternoon, breaking at times into a run, we dashed down to the Gate of Government House to bid their Majesties farewell. This time they drove more slowly past us and we cheered ourselves hoarse. Then, almost in silence, we made our way back through the Park, trying to realize that, for the present at least, this was really good-bye.

BOARDERS' CALENDAR

- Sept. 14—Boarders returned from the Summer holidays. There are twenty-five of us this year.
- Sept. 15—School opening.
- Sept. 17—Saturday. All of us went to MacLean's Mountain Lodge, where we had lunch and spent the afternoon.
- Oct. 1—Saturday out.
- Oct. 21—The boarders attended a Mission Lecture at All Saints' Church.
- Oct. 22—Saturday out.
- Oct. 28—Boarders' Hallowe'en party.
- Nov. 3—Some of us heard Helen Jepson.
- **Nov.** 5—Saturday. We saw how money is made at the Mint.
- Nov. 10—Long week-end.
- Nov. 13—Boarders returned.
- Nov. 18—A number of us went to see "Everyman" at Chalmers Church.
- **Nov.** 19—Saturday. We walked to the Chateau Laurier and had tea there.
- **Nov.** 26—Saturday. We all began our Christmas shopping. At night a few saw "French without Tears" at the Little Theatre.
- Dec. 2—Mrs. Buck gave a tea for some of the boarders. A number went to the Washington Symphony Orchestra.
- Dec. 3—Saturday—out.
- Dec. 10—The School Dance.
- **Dec.** 13—Every one went to the Ashbury plays at the Little Theatre.
- **Dec.** 15—Some finished their Christmas shopping.
- **Dec. 17**—All the boarders were taken to the pantomime at the Little Theatre.
- **Dec. 18**—We had our usual Christmas Carol singing at Mrs. Buck's house.
- **Dec. 19**—The House Plays and House Collections.
- Dec. 20—Beginning of the Christmas holidays.
- Jan. 9—The boarders returned.

- Jan. 10—School began.
- Jan. 12—Mademoiselle Juge took some of us to a French play, "Il etait une Fois" with Gaby Morlay.
- Jan. 17—Most of the music pupils and some others heard Rachmaninoff play.
- Jan. 27—Some attended Miss Barnes' dancing recital.
- Jan. 28—Saturday—out.
- Feb. 3—A few heard Vronsky and Babin, two pianists.
- **Feb.** 4—Saturday. We went to ski and lunch at MacLaren's Mountain Lodge.
- **Feb.** 6—A number of us were taken to the play, "Susan and God," in which Gertrude Lawrence took the leading part.
- Feb. 11—Saturday. We walked to the Chateau and had tea at the cafeteria.
- **Feb.** 12—Several of us heard the Ladybrook Choir.
- Feb. 16—Some girls went to hear Richard Tauber.
- Feb. 18—Saturday—out.
- Feb. 24—Long week-end.
- Feb. 27—The boarders returned at night.
- Mar. 4—We went on a sleigh ride.
- Mar. 10—The Toc H group arranged an exhibition.
- Mar. 11—Two girls heard the Nelson Trio.
- Mar. 16—Trudi Schoop's comic ballet was attended by many boarders.
- Mar. 17—The Minto Follies.
- Mar. 25—Saturday—out.
- Mar. 31—Senior play—"Viceroy Sarah."
- April 1—Saturday. We swam at the Chateau and had tea in the cafeteria.
- April 2—All of us went to a Passion Choir service at Christ Church.
- April 5—The Easter holidays began.
- April 17—Boarders returned.
- April 18—School re-opened.

April 22—Saturday. Mrs. Kenny treated us to the ''movie'' ''Wuthering Heights,'' and to tea at the Chateau afterwards.

April 24—A few of the boarders listened to the La Salle Symphony Orchestra with Reginald Stewart as soloist.

April 29—Saturday. We went swimming at the Chateau.

May 6—Saturday—out.

May 12—The dancing recital.

May 16—The Old Girls put on a play for the boarders and showed some "movie" pictures, after which refreshments were generously provided by Mrs. Harry Southam.

May 18—Royal Minto Follies.

May 19

to —Days of Royal Visit—see under

May 21 special heading.

May 24—Empire Day. Boarders were allowed whole day out.

May 27—Saturday—out.

June 7—Sports Day.

June 8—School Closing.

Vc LINEUP

Name	Pet Expression	Pastime	Ambition	Probable Future Occupation
Sarah Wallace	"Oh say listen"	Talking	To be a great actress	Watching son in school play
Priscilla Aylen	"Oh, please tell me"	Milk Bar	To be a dress designer	Knitting for "Old Girls' collection"
Betty Caldwell	"Goodnight"	Catching up History?	To be a doctor	Nursing sick dog
Anne Powell	"My, it was funny"	Studying	To get 100% in everything	She probably will
Diana Warner	"U' know"	Waiting for holidays	To be a famous author	Writing out menu for cook
Mary Osler	``Lands''	Saying ''Stand Please'	To plan Dictator's fate	Dictators planning her fate
Joan Creighton	"Don't be silly"	Imitating a gorilla	To own kennels	"She's out in the doghouse now"
Mary Wurtele	"Oh Dear, please be quiet"	Looking out of window	To skate beautifully	Doing spirals on waxed floor
Clair Perley-Robertson	"I was so embarrassed"	Laughing	To dance on the stage	Dancing—at a College Prom
Diana Wilson	''Really!''	Worrying	To paint lovely portraits	Painting the nursery
Lois Lambert	''Goodness''	Trotting home	To ride in grand motor car	Using thumb
Vivienne King	"Alligators"	Telephoning	To get fat	400 pounds
Pamela Booth	"Woo woo"	Going south	To cruise in own yacht	Rowing up the Ottawa River

LECTURE NOTES

DURING the past school year it has once more been our good fortune to hear several excellent lectures. We are extremely grateful to all those who so kindly gave up their time to come and speak to us.

In October, Doctor Pleasance Carr told us about the work of the Nasik Hospital in India. She gave a very interesting outline of life in India, and a more detailed account of the really splendid work being done there by the hospital.

On October 12th, Mr. Rollins gave the pupils of Elmwood and Ashbury a joint lecture on "Canadian Wild Birds." As well as giving us an excellent description of the habits and appearance of the birds, Mr. Rollins also told us many interesting and entertaining experiences of his life as an ornithologist.

Mrs. Newcombe very kindly spared some of her time on October 20th in order to make an appeal to us on behalf of the Ottawa Community Chests.

At the end of October, we were privileged to hear a lecture from Miss H. C. Deneke of Oxford, who described very vividly that lovely old town, illustrating her talk with some interesting pictures.

On Armistice Day, we had our usual delightful visit from our friend Major McKeand who talked to us about Poppy Day and his latest trip to the land of the Eskimo. We look forward with great pleasure to this yearly event and Major McKeand never fails to keep us entertained.

On November 15th, Miss Iris Sayle gave us a thrilling and inspiring description of the work being done throughout Western Canada by the Sunday School Mission. Miss Sayle illustrated her talk with excellent lantern slides of the travelling Mission and the out-of-the-way places which it visits.

Mr. Jacques of the Bell Telephone Company came on January 13th, to show us some very interesting movies. He included in his programme a travelogue, a film depicting the construction and operation of the telephone, and a fascinating one of Grey Owl and his beavers. The afternoon proved to be both entertaining and instructive.

If the Westward Ho! trip, through Western Canada and Alaska, proves as attractive as Mrs. Girvan's description, in her talk just after the Easter holidays, then those of us able to join the tour this summer are indeed to be envied.

WHAT DOES MORAL RE-ARMAMENT MEAN TO SCHOOL GIRLS?

DEFORE one can attempt to answer this question it is necessary to know exactly what moral re-armament means. It means not only physical courage but moral courage, fair play, and a sense of sportsmanship. It means a driving out of all fear.

If we want peace, we need a new unity and a new strength. One should give instead of take, not only in little things, but in large ones.

There is a great object in Moral Re-Armament, namely that we should all strive earnestly to help international understanding. We who live under Democracy count ourselves lucky to have freedom in speech and thought. But if discipline is rejected as contrary to freedom, that essential proportion must be lost. There is danger in praising Democracy and refusing to pay the full price.

But what does all this mean to school girls? If in our games we can practise fair play, we will play fair in things other than games. If we have a sense of sportsmanship in school, we will have it throughout our lives.

If we are fair in our actions and speech to others in school, out of school we will be the same. If we drive out fear of others' opinion, we will have no fear of what people say later on.

What helps more in an understanding of peoples than fair play and sportsmanship? We learn and practise these excellent qualities first in school.

Pat O'Donnell— VI Upper

25



THE Senior Dramatic class presented its annual performance on Friday evening April 7th. This year we performed "Viceroy Sarah" by Norman Ginsbury. There was some trouble in obtaining the rights to produce this play and we were very glad when Miss Eason succeeded in doing so. We were all much pleased with the choice of this play, as, without being a classic, it was within our capabilities and afforded ample scope for characterization. We thoroughly enjoyed acting in it and are most grateful to Miss Eason for her excellent direction.

On Miss Eason's behalf as well as our own we want to thank Rosemary Youle very much for her invaluable assistance with the costumes. It was greatly appreciated.

We recall with very much pleasure the dance which, this year, took the place of the usual Senior Christmas party. The Junior School greatly enjoyed their party. At the entertainment which followed, each of the houses presented a short one-act play.

For the third year in succession Fry triumphed with "Thirty Minutes in a Street" by Beatrice Mayor. Nightingale presented "Tickless Time" by Susan Glaspell and Keller, "The Little Man" by John Galsworthy.

There are still some presentations to be made. The Senior-Intermediates are busy

preparing "The Taming of the Shrew" and scenes from "Vicky" and "The Young Princess", while the Intermediates are working on "Quality Street" and "Twelfth Night". The Third Form gave us a delightful performance at Christmas when they presented "The Three Kings" and will soon give another which will include "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Persephone".

Once again we want to thank Mr. Kendall MacNeil for attending our plays and for giving us a serious criticism of them. We also thank the Citizen for allowing us to reprint his review which follows:

HIGH STANDARD SET IN OTHER YEARS IS FULLY MAINTAINED IN DRAMATIC PRODUCTION BY ELMWOOD STUDENTS

It might be just as well to begin this comment on the annual dramatic production of the senior art class of Elmwood School, Rockcliffe, with a confession and admit we should have felt a great deal more competent to deal with Norman Ginsbury's historical play "Viceroy Sarah", had we read Winston Churchill's biography, large though it is, of his illustrious forebear John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. It is an omission that the presentation of last evening urges us to correct at the earliest opportunity for we are ashamed to acknowledge that our knowledge of the history of the reign of Queen Anne is horribly rusty.

However, this has nothing to do with the way in which this strong piece of dramatic writing was presented by the girls of the school. It was an ambitious undertaking, one might have thought beforehand too ambitious for young ladies in their teens, with little experience of the stage, to attempt. Let us say, therefore, without more ado, that, all things considered, it was a really noble attempt and an excellent accomplishment. In ten years of reviewing Elmwood annual productions we have seen high standards set. These high standards have been fully maintained by the presentation of "Viceroy Sarah", which, like the plays of other years, demonstrated the excellent training the girls' class at Elmwood receive in dramatic expression, a training distinctly worthwhile in after life even if they never have any ambition to go in for stage work more or less seriously.

"Viceroy Sarah" draws graphically the political scene in England while John Churchill is fighting its battles on the continent of Europe. With a weak sovereign on the throne, Sarah Churchill is the real ruler of the land and governs the will of her mistress, Queen Anne, with an iron hand. Her domineering way, clever though she is, makes numerous enemies politically and although she valiantly attempts to hold the fort for her husband, the machinations of Harley and St. John through Mrs. Masham, a poor relative whom she has befriended, are successful in having Lord Godolphin removed from office. The fall of Marlborough follows, she herself is dismissed from favour, and all their friends and relatives lose their influence. John and Sarah, however, find peace and happiness in their own love and comradeship.

Really Fine Performances

Some really fine individual performances were given last evening and again the young ladies of the school displayed their ability to play masculine roles successfully. In several instances they were so successful that we really began to forget that they were girls at all. This was notably the case with regard to J. Smith's work as Marlborough. She made the character strong and dignified with the air of one born to command and the bearing of the conqueror of Blenheim, Oudenarde and Malplaquet. Yet at the same time there was ever present a masculine

tenderness and the love of a strong man for a loyal and clever wife.

Following Elmwood custom, many of the roles were divided so that different players took several of the characters. Each naturally gave different impressions of the part, but this did not detract from the presentation. Indeed it only made it all the more interesting, for one would bring out a side of the character not present in such a degree as in the other so that one carried away a sort of composite and more complete interpretation of the whole.

Unusual Opening

The play has an unusual and difficult opening in which absolute silence is maintained by two of the players for a considerable time. This silence was perhaps a little too long last evening and we thought the same effect could have been obtained by making it a bit shorter. In the first scene, through nervousness perhaps, there seemed to be a tendency on the part of the players to get through their lines too quickly. Thus expression suffered and the acting did not achieve reality. As the play proceeded this disappeared and some fine work was the result. In the second act, the quarrel between Sarah and Mrs. Masham was notably well done and the scene in Act III with the same characters and the weak and lonely queen was also well done.

We have already commented on the playing of J. Smith as Marlborough. Sarah, the viceroy herself, was played by M. Edwards and G. Vaughan. Both were very good indeed. The former was truly the woman who called herself Mrs. Freeman and her mistress, the queen, Mrs. Morley. The latter, who possesses an excellent stage voice, had a real sense of climax and gave a powerful and dramatic interpretation of the part. She deserves high praise for her work.

A Difficult Role

M. Paterson and S. Edwards were seen as Abigail Masham, the "villain" of the piece, a difficult role. Both girls brought out the sly intrigue with which the character is invested. S. Edwards was especially successful in this respect. Queen Anne was played by S. Kenny and D. Saunders. The former

was good in showing the ineptness of the sovereign for her high position. The latter, however, made the weak queen really live. She grew perceptibly older as the play drew to a close and was the lonely old woman who hardly knew where to turn for advice and who ultimately gave in to the enemies of Churchill.

M. Gerard was splendid as Godolphin and M. Inkster did well as the scheming Harley. G. Douglas was good as St. John. F. Foster brought a welcome touch of comedy as Vanbrugh, the architect, and did the guarrel with Sarah with commendable spirit. N. Baker, A. Bethune, J. Daniels and P. O'Donnell were Churchill's daughters. N. Doane was Prince George, Anne's consort. B. Black played Colonel Parke. N. Lewis was Mrs. Danvers and J. Alexander, a footman.

The play was under the direction of Miss Barbara Eason.

Diction and audibility were good throughout. The settings were in keeping with the play and the backdrop in the second and third act, which we believe was painted by Miss Eason herself, added much to the scenes. Costumes, for which Rosemary Youle was largely responsible, were good indeed.

—М.

DANCING NOTES

CAR

THE dancing recital was held this year on May 12th and we were honoured by the presence of her Excellency Lady Tweedsmuir.

The aim of the dancing classes has been to enlarge and develop the work previously done in the study of the Revived Greek Dance. This is particularly noticeable in the Junior classes where more advanced steps and patterns have been successfully mastered.

The experiment in verse dancing, attempted for the first time last year, was so successful that this form has been studied more fully this year. In the recital several numbers of this type were performed.

Also included in the recital were studies from Greece which showed the contrasting forms of the Greek dance as recreated from ancient friezes and pottery, ranging from the wild vitality of the "Bacchanale" to the quiet lyric movements of ball dances; dances from Spain, France and Russia which gave scope for variety of footwork and expression; and the interpretation of César Franck's Symphonic Variations showed the blending of the technical accomplishment with expressive power, which is the aim of the work.

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Mrs. Buck—Good morning, girls.

Miss Mills—Come on now, settle down quickly.

Miss Neal—Why wasn't your coat on a hanger?

Mlle. Juge—Où en sommes nous?

Miss Butler—Have you practised this morning?

Miss Estrup—That's marvellous!

Miss Adams—Are you sure that's clear?

Miss Blair—Well girls—!

Miss Orbell—Please don't play with the plasticine.

Miss Eason—Learn your parts!

Miss Woolaver — Anyone coming to basketball?

Miss Moore—No mail for you today!

Miss Tipple—I want to see everybody in the senior classroom at 8.30.

Miss MacLean—Are you getting a cold?

—Betty Massey

೦≈ಾ

AN ENIGMA

My First is in Elm but not in Fir,
My second's in Bridle but not in Spur;
My third is in Summer but not in Winter,
My Fourth is in Wood but not in Splinter;
My fifth is in Yellow though not in Green,
My sixth is in Countess but not in Queen;
My seventh is in Diamond but not in Jewel,
The answer (as you've guessed) is the name
of our school.

Answer - Elmwood.

—GAYE DOUGLAS, Form VM—Keller

LIBRARY NOTES

THIS year the library has been more used than previously. We believe this stimulation of interest was due to the Book Week held last year for the first time in the history of the school. As it took place toward the end of the term, there was not much time for us to take stock of our new interest and delve into the bookshelves for volumes which we did not know the library contained. However, when we returned to school in September, we proceeded to avail ourselves of the opportunities offered to us.

We are very grateful to Mrs. H. S. Southam for the gift of two lovely statues, which, to our delight, were placed in the library and make it an even more pleasant place in which to spend a quiet hour.

We are also greatly indebted to Mrs. H. S. Southam for a beautifully bound and illustrated set of books on Great Britain and a complete set of John Ruskin's works in fifteen volumes. Both gifts were from the collection of the Hon. Thomas Ahearn.

We have also been very fortunate in the following gifts of books:-

New Harvesting, a book of contemporary Canadian Poetry presented by Mrs. A. D. M. Curry, and autographed by the illustrator, Jean Middleton Donald.

The Collected Poems of Frederick George Scott.

A very interesting gift was a book of excellent photographs of Chile, sent by the Senior Girls of Santiago College. This is really a lovely thing to have. There are some magnificent scenic photographs as well as some unusual pictures of very appetising Chilean food.

At the end of the term we were much charmed by a gift from Baroness Tomii of a set of Japanese Fairy Tales entitled, Favorite Stories Retold for Children of Other Lands, by Iwaya Sazanami, and illustrated with brush paintings by famous Japanese artists.

Other much appreciated volumes are: Madame Curie by Eve Curie. I Write as I Please, by Walter Duranty. Helen Keller's Journal, by Helen Keller.

LIBRARY STAFF

Assistant......Jane Smith Fiction Librarian. Diana Saunders Assistants.....Beatrice Black Winnifred Cross

eso

TRIALS OF GOING TO SLEEP

"I am tired", said the yawning girl to her mother.

I can't sleep for the noise of my elder brother, As he plays with the knobs of the radio, And his laughter comes to me from down below".

"Turn over, dear, and go to sleep, Just shut your eyes and count the sheep." But just as I begin to dream, He decides to whistle—he is so mean.

He thinks me so young—"You're just a child". That same old sentence is driving me wild. But my thoughts are wandering away from sheep,

I think I'll turn over and drop off to sleep.

SARAH WALLACE—KELLER HOUSE.

000

GEOGRAPHY PAPER

Question—What interesting facts do you know about Denmark?

Answer—In Denmark the buttermilk that is left over from cows is given to the hogs, who provide the entire British market with its eggs.

—Diana Saunders Fry House 000

A JOKE!

1st boarder to a sleepy roommate—Come and look at the wonderful moon.

2nd boarder—Oh! come to bed. I'll look at it in the morning.

-Gaye Douglas Form VM. SAMARA



THE Art Class, under Miss May's able guidance, has had a most productive and interesting year. The artists have been encouraged to put down on paper or canvas in a decorative and original way, the things they see, at the same time observing the principles of "organization, simplification, and accent." [These three words have been Miss May's theme song all year!]

Oils, pastels and poster paints have been most widely used as mediums for colour work. Charcoal sketches were also made of plaster models.

Congratulations are due to those whose posters were used by the Y. W. C. A. to advertise their fashion tea. The designs of these were simple, and the printing bold and effective.

The Arts Form has been to the National Gallery several times, visiting different sections. They have also seen special exhibitions at Wilson's Art Galleries, all of which they found intriguing. Undoubtedly, the exhibition in which they were most particularly interested was that of Miss May's own work.

In the Boarders' Craft Class, under Miss Orbell, leather-work, basketry and clay modelling have proved popular. Some very attractive belts, trays and statuettes have been the result of this year's work.

The Junior Crafts Class has made a specialty of wool-work, and have also taken a keen interest in basketry.

The Preparatory has been busy making attractive models of the different stalls of a market. This must have been amusing to do as well as instructive.

The Christmas Art display was very kindly judged by Mr. Pat Waddington, and an interesting criticism appeared in The Citizen. The critic was particularly impressed by the free manner in which the younger group painted, and paid complimentary attention to the senior work.

We feel that this has been a very successful year, and that all the would-be artists have made definite progress, both in their appreciation of great works of art, and in their own attempts at self-expression.





AT the closing of last year, Mr. Puddicombe's gold music medal was presented to Diana Saunders, as the best interpretative player.

As another year comes to an end, we have to record many events of interest to all the musical boarders.

Many of the boarders went to the first concert of the Tremblay series to hear Helen Jepson, Metropolitan Opera Singer, who inspired us for our singing classes!

We were also very fortunate in hearing other well-known artists: Serge Rachmaninoff, who gave us a wonderful programme; Vronsky and Babin, two pianists—one of the most interesting of all the concerts. Richard Tauber, tenor: The Nelson Trio [three sisters], piano, violin and cello; Trudie

Schoop's Comic Ballet; Eve Maxwell Lyte, in an original concert interpreting National Folk Songs in costume.

A few of the boarders went to hear the Ladybrook Choir from England and also a recital given by Miss Barnes.

We very much enjoyed the La Salle Symphony Orchestra with Reginald Stewart, pianist, as soloist.

Much to our delight, the Washington Symphony Orchestra again visited Ottawa, and we had another great experience when Hans Kindler conducted in a very interesting programme.

We wish to give our special thanks to Miss Butler for having provided us with some very delightful musical evenings.

A SMILE

Remember this, when you are down, And trudging that last weary mile, It takes twenty-six muscles to make a frown, But just thirteen to make a smile.

> --Margaret Gerard V M--Nightingale

AT NIGHT

The waves in the moonlight swept the shore,
The town had gone to sleep.

I felt from my window, up on the hill,
The calm of the great, dark deep.

--Nancy Bowman Keller Reproductions of Studies by some of the Art Students



AT THE OPERA, by Nancy Doane



IN JAPAN by Ayako Tomii



REMINISCING by Nancy Doane



"WAR" by Jane Smith



A LANDSCAPE by Gaye Douglas



THE WILD HORSE by Betty Massey

THE QUEEN AND TOC H

THIS year, through the Toc H Circle of the Lamp a very great honour has come to Elmwood.

For those who are uncertain as to what Toc H really means, here is a brief outline.

During the Great War, the Reverend P. B. Clayton, affectionately known as "Tubby", and the Reverend Neville Talbot leased a house in Poperinghe, a small Belgian town, to be "a place where everyman might find rest, refreshment and recreation of body and soul". It was called Talbot House to commemorate Gilbert Talbot who died while leading his men into action. Toc H, the signalling term for Talbot House, was adopted after the War as the name of this movement which upholds the ideals of the founders.

The movement so started is much more than an ex-service men's club. It aims at preserving among people to-day the traditions of Fellowship and Service set by all ranks in the Great War. It calls to Youth in particular to work for the banishment of War and class consciousness. To think fairly; to love widely; to witness humbly; to build bravely—these are its pledges.

It was Mrs. Buck who first presented to us the aims of Toc H and who inspired us with so much of her enthusiasm that several of us became keen adherents and our numbers continue to increase. We were very proud when Mrs. Buck became a member of the League of Women Helpers and later when she was asked to join the Eastern Regional Council of Canada.

And now, through Mrs. Edwards, there has come to our Circle an honour beyond our wildest hopes or dreams. We knew that Her Majesty the Queen is the Patron of Toc H L.W.H. and that she has not only shown a keen interest in the movement but she is in fact an active member in every sense of the word. In conversation with Mrs. Edwards in London at the time of the Festival in March of this year, Her Majesty said, in reference to her visit to Canada, how much she would like to help the L.W.H. in the Dominion but when on her arrival, we learnt that as an outcome of this conversation, our Headmistress was to be received by the Queen as one of three representatives chosen by Mrs. Edwards from the Eastern Canada Region, our delight knew no bounds.

On Mrs. Buck's return from the interview, we besieged her with questions about the Queen, who has so completely won our hearts. We had had many opportunities for seeing for ourselves the charm and graciousness of Her Majesty, but it all seemed so much more personal as Mrs. Buck told us of it. She gave us a lovely word picture of the enchanting lady who is our Queen and Patron.

Now it is for us to strive more than ever to prove ourselves worthy members of the family of Toc H, taking into all that we do the best that we have to give, growing in numbers if this may be, but more especially should we "enter to learn and go forth to serve".

TOC H NOTES

AT THE beginning of the year, we were not a very optimistic little Circle, as so few of us remained from last year, and we wondered whether there would be enough existant interest to enable us to carry on. However, when we called the first meeting, we found we recruited quite a few members from new girls and that those who had been with us last year returned and so we now number about eighteen. Mrs. Buck continues to act as our president and guide. She arranged for Mr. Jackson

to come and speak to us during his visit to Ottawa in October last. He gave us a most sincere talk, touched with the light humour with which all true Toc H-ers are imbued.

At our next gathering, Mr. Hepburn very kindly spared us some of his much sought after and valuable time in order to tell us more of the spirit of Toc H and also some of his famous anecdotes! In particular, we listened very enthusiastically to a few of the both witty and lovely poems of Canon George Frederick Scott, which were quoted to us, and in consequence, we proceeded immediately to acquire a volume.

We also took part in the Chain of Light on Sunday, December 11th. We held one more meeting before the Christmas holidays at which we knitted and sewed for the school House Collections, and labelled and sorted books for Lady Tweedsmuir's Prairie Libraries. We have since received such grateful letters from the recipients at Vidora and Robsart in Saskatchewan, guite beyond what our small efforts merited.

In the New Year, we started our gatherings again by a very pleasant evening spent at Mrs. T. H. Warren's home in Rockcliffe, when she played the piano most delightfully to us. We are most appreciative of the friendly interest which she takes in our Circle. At the subsequent meetings held, we worked towards the arrangement of an informal entertainment in order to raise funds for the Prairie Libraries. We obtained some very kind assistance in this from Miss Butler, who added greatly to the enjoyment of everyone by giving a piano solo, and also from Miss Eason [Director of our Dramatic Art], who not only produced our one-act play, but gave a much appreciated monologue. In addition to piano solos by two of our members, we had a True and False competition and the proceedings were terminated by Miss Tipple and Miss MacLean very kindly providing us with welcome refreshments. We made and boxed candy, for which there was a good demand, and we luckily had no difficulty in selling it. The support of our friends was such that the evening resulted in an

extremely pleasing cash situation of \$28.50 to the good.

To end the year happily for us, we are again, we believe, to have a visit in May from our very dear friend, Mrs. Edwards. She most obligingly managed to sandwich us in last year between engagements. We had two meetings at which she presided. She gave us enormous help and encouragement, besides describing to us her trip round the world which she was then completing. We wish so much that she could spend longer with us, as all her vivid explanations and talks make everything appear amazingly simple and clear to us—while our own "groupings" are so often painfully inadequate.

As we write these notes, we feel that the past year has flown by leaving us with very little accomplished, but we are handicapped in that many of us are trying to matriculate and consequently cannot devote as much time and attention to other interests as we should like to do. However, we consider we have achieved something in managing to get together about once a month, as even that seemed doubtful at the beginning of the year.

We have just time before going to print to add a note to express our deep appreciation of Mrs. Edwards' recent memorable visit. with all its attendant fun. Old and new members, and those unconnected with the Circle, gave her a great welcome. The sense of loss we have on her departure is much lessened by the fact that it is almost certain she will be with us when school opens in the autumn, ready to help us make a good start with her enthusiasm and encouragement—so here's to next September!

"THESE I HAVE LOVED"

A continuation of Rupert Brooke's poem, "The Great Lover."

The smell of lilac trees in Spring; the plaintive cries of sea gulls inland before a storm; the peal of bells; the whistle of the wind through rustling trees; the Northern Lights.

The rhythmic glide of skates on ice; rich velvety gardenias with shining leaves and heavy fragrant scent; sea shells; ornamental elephants; wet pavements; Cocker spaniels with sad faces; pussy willows in tall vases; fireflies.

The discord of the orchestra tuning their instruments before an overture; the fusty smell of burning Autumn leaves; luscious red apples and candle grease; the crunch of people's feet upon hard snow; the glowing hearth on cold clear nights to awaken pleasant memories of the past.

> -DIANA WARNER, V C -DIANA WILSON, V C

Nightingale House



The Elmwood Old Girls' Association would like to extend its sympathy to the following who have suffered bereavement during the year: Mrs. C. H. Buck, Mrs. E. F. Fauquier, Mrs. H. S. Southam, Pat. Spendlove, Ruth Creighton Jones, Betty Carter, Marjorie MacKinnon and Nancy Haultain.

OFFICERS FOR 1938-39

Hon. President	Mrs. Buck
President	
Vice-President	Jean Castonguay
Secretary	Elaine McFarlane
Assistant Secretary	Mary Malloch
Treasurer	Alison Cochrane
Sports	Betty Hooper
Dramatics	Ethel Southam
	(Anna Wilson
Ottawa Representatives	Eleanor Carson
Montreal Representative	
Toronto Representative.	Elizabeth McClelland

eso

Dear Old Girls-

Will all of you who have changed your names or addresses please let us know? It is so hard to keep track of you, and if you would notify us of the changes, we would be more than grateful.

In the financial report, you will see that we have bought three Government bonds, and you are no doubt wondering why. Two years ago, Cairine Wilson thought of a Scholarship. This Scholarship is to be awarded annually, and goes to a senior girl

who has accredited herself well, in work and games, in the previous year, and having only one more year at Elmwood. It will pay for her tuition, for that year. This will go into effect in the next year or two.

We are proud to feel the link strengthening between us and the School.

This year the Old Girls have spent Tuesday evenings with the boarders, knitting and sewing, and we had a fine collection of clothes, to compete with the Houses at Christmas.

I want to thank all of you who have answered our letters for articles for the Magazine, and hope that you will be pleased to see them in our own section this year.

Letters are always welcome, so do write and tell us what you are doing.

Sincerely, Rachel White ≈

FINANCIAL REPORT, 1938-39.

This year we have been very fortunate in having so many Old Girls become life members of the Association. We believe this is largely due to a series of letters, sent out by the President, which pointed out the benefits to be derived from a life membership.

In October we were able to buy another Government bond, from Ian Dewar, who is one of Elmwood's Old Boys. We now have three bonds, paying us $3\frac{1}{2}\%$.

In November, we had our own notepaper embossed, with the Association's name and the Elmwood crest at the top.

The following is an account of the debits and credits, to date.

Debits.	
Printing Royal Secur. Corp. Flowers Charitable donations Magazines [Elmwood]. Picture	\$26.10 103.25 10.35 17.00 10.00 10.00
	\$176.70
Received in Life Memberships Ann. fee plus \$1.00 for Mag Ann. fee Amount in Bank, March 1938	\$ 160.00 27.00 16.00 32.90
Balance	\$ 235.90

OLD GIRLS' SPORT NOTES

con

Last autumn we played two basketball matches against the present girls. Both were very good games indeed, and the old girls proved that there is still a good deal of pep left in them yet. The present girls won the first 11–8, and we redeemed ourselves in the second by winning 30–17. It is hoped that we may have another match sometime this spring.

The hockey games did not come off this winter, but next year we may have better luck. It was impossible to get a team owing to the flu epidemic.

Next year we must have some badminton and tennis matches.

—Betty Hooper, Sports Captain

OTTAWA OLD GIRLS NOTES

Eleanor Clarke, Dorothy Wardle, Evangeline Phillops and Sheila Skelton are all at Queen's. Sheila is to be congratulated on having won several Scholarships.

Betty Hamilton, Patricia Gault, Moyra Leatham and Rita Rich are all studying at McGill.

Edith Baskerville was here this Spring, visiting friends, and has gone to live in New York.

Betty Smart is reporting for the Journal.

Alison Cochrane, Mary Malloch and Barbara Fellowes, have been taking business courses.

The Elmwood Old Girls are active in the May Court Club. Jocelyn White, Nancy Toller, Janet Southam and Nini Keefer taking active part in the organizing of the Christmas Ball, and many others kicking their legs in the cabaret.

The season's debs. were: Pamela Erwin, Barbara Hopkirk, Barbara Ross, Marion Monk, and Marjorie McKinnon.

Ethel Southam and Ann Creighton have been doing excellent work out at the Shernfold School, all year.

WEDDINGS

Jean Workman to Nelson Castonguay.
Louella Irvin to John Bethune.
Christine McNaughton to Thomas MacDougall.
Virginia Coristine to Eric Higgins
[now living in England].

Joan Carling to Dwaine Miller.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Alix Chamberlain to David Price. Nini Keefer to Peter McDougall. Joan Ahearn to Ian Dewar.

BIRTHS.

Mrs. Alan Gill [Olive Wilson] a daughter. Mrs. Stuart Wotherspoon [Enid Palmer] a son. Mrs. Francis Echlin [Letty Wilson]

a daughter. Mrs. Bruce Davis [Betty Toller] a daughter.

There have been many Old Girls' scattered in all parts of the Globe, this year. Muriel Crockett has spent the last two years in Teheran, Persia, with Maria Petrucci, and her father, who is the Italian Consul. Muriel's letters tell of wonderful experiences.

Mimsy Cruikshank is Secretary to Mrs. Norman Armour in Chile, where Mr. Armour is the American Ambassador.

Genevieve Bronson is representing Elmwood at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

Joan Fraser and Peggy Law are still abroad. Janet Southam was in Sea Island, Georgia.

Cairine Wilson was in California, for a month, and saw the San Francisco World's Fair.

Jean Perley-Robertson, while in Bermuda, stayed at the Belmont Manor.

Rosemary Youle has come back to live in Ottawa.

Lorraine Bate is making a name for herself on Broadway. In a recent play she won much acclaim.

Cecily Sparks has completed her second year at the New York School of Theatre.

Mary Marjorie Blair is studying at Dalhousie University, Halifax.

Dorothy Laidlaw is teaching gym at 'Ovenden School, Barrie.

Winsome Hooper and Mary MacFarlane are taking Domestic Science, at MacDonald College.

Mimi Boal is at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Buck had a very interesting letter from Sachiko Matsunago; she and Hisiko are in Japan, and send us greetings.

Margaret and Eleanor Carson went on a cruise down South.

Kay Warner is at Miss Kerr Sanders' Secretarial Training College in London, England.

—Eleanor Carson

-Glenn Borbridge

—Anna Wilson

ಂ

TORONTO OLD GIRLS NOTES

Elaine Ellsworth is now living in Burlington after being married in December. She had an all-white wedding and the Old School was well represented in her bevy of lovely bridesmaids.

Virginia Copping Wilson is living in St. Catharines.

Mary Kingsmill has been in England for nearly a year and is having a wonderful time.

Mary Baker and Louise McBrien are at the Ontario College of Art.

Barbara Barrett is at the University of Toronto, as well as taking singing lessons.

Marion Ellsworth, Clara May Gibson, Mary Palmer and Elizabeth McClelland are all taking business courses, but took time off in February for a trip to sunny Florida.

Barbara McClelland is studying for her Senior Matriculation.

Kitty Gordon Griffin is living in Hamilton and has a baby son, five months old.

Esme Thompson has a new job in the interior decorating department of the Ward-Price Galleries.

Peggy McLaren is at the University of Toronto, and has just been elected President of the Delta Gamma Fraternity for the coming year.

Mona Morrow and Mary Scripture are doing Social Service and are members of the Junior League.

Barbara Kennedy came East just before Christmas, and spent some time with her grandmother, Mrs. Morrison, in Toronto. Her cousin, Vievi Inglis, was a debutante and is taking cooking lessons, now that the festivities are over.

Mrs. Charles Burns [Janet Wilson] has a small son and daughter who keep her busy.

Margaret Parker is at the University of Toronto.

Elizabeth McClelland

∞ಾ

MONTREAL OLD GIRLS NOTES

Joy Armstrong is now living in Montreal [I think she is taking Art].

Mrs. Rocke Robertson [Roslyn Arnold] is living in Scotland with her husband and her small son.

Theodosia Bond is going to live in Toronto in the Autumn.

Bett Brown is working for the Senior League.

Mrs. Bob Craig [Evelyn Cantlie] is the new Vice-President of the Junior League, while another old girl, Mrs. Barclay Robinson [Ruth Seely], is the retiring President.

Helen Mackay is the chairman of the canteen in the League, and Jean Heubach is its new Assistant Treasurer. Others who are active in the Junior League are Mrs. Miller Hyde [Anne Coghlin], Mrs. Bill Eakin [Margaret Symington], Mary Hampson, Janet Dobell and Mary Lee Pyke.

Mrs. Francis Gill [Betty Fauguier] is living in Montreal.

Margot Seeley, another member of the League, has just completed the Librarians' Course at McGill.

Mrs. Ryland Daniels [Catherine Grant], is living in Montreal. We congratulate her on the birth of a daughter.

Rosa Johnson is working in Metabolism, for Dr. Rabinovitch at the Western Hospital.

Mary Lyman recently became engaged to Kenneth Thompson.

Harriet Mathias is still doing outstanding work in art.

Mrs. Wilson McConnell [Marjorie Wallace] is living in Montreal.

Mrs. Gordon Forbes [Mary Riorden] is living in Montreal.

Jane Russel is continuing her course in Interior Decoration.

Prudence Dawes is studying Sculpture in New York.

Elizabeth Symington is in her last year at McGill.

Mrs. Bill Bown [Dawn Ekers] is living in Montreal.

Janet Hutchison is in her first year at St. Andrews University in Scotland.

Mrs. Fred. Heubach [Margo Graydon] is living in Brampton, Ontario.

Mrs. Jack Cundill [Anna Reay Mackay] is living in Montreal. At her wedding this Fall, we saw Barbara Kennedy, Gwyneth Young, Mary Teazer, and other familiar faces.

Mrs. John Jones [Ruth Creighton] is living in Orillia, Ontario, but she frequently pays us a flying visit.

Betty Heubach is continuing her business course.

Mhairi Fenton spends her time doing interesting things both in Canada and in England.

Pamela Wilson has just returned from a trip to Jamaica.

Mary Fry is finishing her second year at McGill.

Barbara Hampson is doing Occupational Therapy at the Children's Memorial Hospital.

Pamela Mathewson has been taking Music at the McGill Conservatorium. She is now visiting Washington and sends us good news of Maisie Howard, who is a debutante there.

Beatrice Norsworthy is working hard at her Science Course at McGill and is planning to major in Bio-Chemistry.

Barbara Whitley is in her third year at McGill. She did radio work for two months last fall.

Margaret Main is still skating and she is in her first year at McGill.

Ailsa Mathewson is taking a partial at McGill, and is planning to take a full course next year.

-Barbara Whitley

LADY MARGARET HALL. OXFORD

Dear Everybody:

My last tutorial is over. I have survived the discomfort of "reports," and tomorrow we go down for the Easter vac. My moral tutor sent me off with a long list of books to be read in the vacation, but already my firm resolutions to do lots of reading are melting away for it is Spring in England and six free weeks lie ahead.

Going down usually has a touch of sadness about it, and I think that the depressing job of dismantling one's room has a lot to do with it. I always hate to say goodbye to books and pictures and knicknacks, and label my china with strips of sticking-plaster marked large with my name and put it away in the pantry cupboard, and distribute the remains of flowers and plants among unfortunate friends who are staying up for 'Pass Mods' or other pernicious examinations. When it comes to biscuits and cocoa, however, it is an easy matter, for an end-ofterm coffee party looks after them very effectively.

Speaking of coffee parties [at which on rare occasions only does coffee appear!], they are an indispensable part of college life taking place any time from nine o'clock on. People arrive pyjama-clad and glowing after a bath, or cold and ravenous from a theatre or meeting, or perhaps in a dis-tracted and dishevelled state they burst in for sustenance and brief relaxation in the middle of that weekly nightmare—the Essay. 'An essay crisis. I can't stay long," are words that bring a disturbing reminder of that fast-approaching struggle with Spenser or Napoleon or somebody, and those numerous, weighty volumes on the subject that are still to be tackled. But such blighting thoughts do not long mar a coffee party, and conversation waxes lively about the merits or otherwise of the play at the Playhouse this week, or the debate at the Union or the exciting person you met at tea yesterday, or you find yourself deep in a philosophical discussion following fascinating willo'the-wisps of thoughts to all sorts of strange and wonderful ideas. Then the coal gives out, and the draught under the door feels like an icy blast, and reluctantly and stiffly you get up from the floor and seek the comfort of a hotwater bottle and bed.

This term has been a marvellous one—even the weather has behaved fairly well and kept reasonably dry. It was cold at first, though, and bicycling into town for lectures was like braving the North Pole. A bicycle is a necessity. One dashes along twisting and sometimes cobbled streets, gown flapping madly behind, or threads the intricacies of traffic, and boldly makes a righthand turn in the middle of Carfax [a very terrifying and busy intersection in the centre of the town] in truly miraculous fashion. One feels painfully insignificant and helpless, however, when a doubledecker bus bears down from behind or narrowly skims one's defenceless handlebars.

The Hilary Term is the one for rugger matches, for "cuppers" [inter-college matches] and torpids on the Isis [the Thames]. Torpids or "toggers" are the forerunners of the bumping races of Eights Week, and are very nearly as exciting. Everyone rushes along the towpath following the boats, and there was a supreme moment this year when one enthusiast rode his bicycle straight into the river! The very great event of the

Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race is rowed in the vac. on the Thames in London.

The delights of the Summer Term, however, are the greatest. It is then that the Char [really the Cherwell, a tributary of the Thames that flows at the foot of Lady Margaret Hall gardens] comes into its own, and in punts and canoes and clumsy "scullers" the University takes possession of it. There can be no more delightful way of spending a lazy summer afternoon than in a punt until you are handed the pole and told to do something about it. Then, oh! for a paddle and a canoe! There is an expert twist of the wrist that saves you from being deluged with water everytime you pull the pole out of the river, but I have yet to acquire it, and so for me, punting is an extremely wet occupation. Then too, there are those exciting moments of decision—the sort that must be a clue to your character and later life—when balanced precariously on the edge of the punt, you struggle to pull out the pole that is firmly lodged in the muddy bottom, and the punt rapidly moves away leaving you suspended in the middle to decide between your loyalty to the pole or the boat. In spite of its watery drawbacks punting is an ideal summer recreation.

There is the delicious feeling of stealing down the river when the world is still asleep before dawn on May morning, and mooring below Magdalen Tower to hear the choir boys high above you sing out the old song of welcome to the May. Yes, it is worth getting up at 3.30 a.m. to hear that once or twice.

Oxford itself is rapidly changing. The new extension to the Bodleian Library is fast being completed. Its newness and modernity is a rather startling contrast to old "Bodley" and the Sheldonian Theatre crumbling away on the opposite side of the Broad. The new building is not unpleasant, however, and when its red sandstone mellows it will seem very natural to have it there.

The Morris Works and other factories are unfortunately turning the city into an industrial centre, and the outskirts are widening with row upon row of red brick villas. But the old Oxford still remains and its charm is as potent as ever. The winding streets—New College Lane and the Turl, Christ Church Meadows and the Isis in Eights

Week, the Parks in spring carpeted with croci and snowdrops and daffodils, the music of college choirs at Evensong, mists that gently dream over turrets and roofs at night, the sense of wisdom and age that nothing can dispel and the too often spoken of, but still lovely spires and bells—these are the threads this ancient university weaves around the hearts of its children, and they are hard to break.

My very best wishes to you all,

Sincerely,

Genevieve Bronson

∞∞

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

Dear Samara:

The other day it occurred to me that it will be ten years this June since I left Elmwood. Six of those years I have spent living in England near Liverpool.

We live much the same life here as we would in Ottawa, except of course the climate is so very different. Instead of skiing and skating all winter we play golf and badminton, and sometimes I manage to skate at the very fine rink in Liverpool. The summer here is lovely and one never ceases to be impressed by the wonderful gardens which each householder takes such pride in, and the everlasting greenness even in winter is so intense it almost becomes monotonous. I think I prefer the wonderful climatic variety we get in Canada; it is more stimulating and alive.

I have a daughter Barbara of five. She goes to school near by. It is my ambition to send her to Elmwood one day so that she will know Canadian children and have a Canadian point of view.

We will not live here always as my husband, who is with the Canadian Government, will be moved to any one of thirty-seven posts throughout the world. We have leave to Canada every four years and how we look forward to it!

With fond remembrances, I hope to see you soon,

Frances [Drury] Birkett

TEHERAN, PERSIA

AT FIRST I did not like the East, but now I'm actually fascinated—its dirty charm—all the Arabs in long robes, veiled women, camels, donkeys, and so on.

Teheran, the capital city of Iran [Persia], is situated 4,000 feet above sea level, huge snow-covered mountains rise to a great height behind the city, one peak even higher than Mount Blanc. The days are hot, but nights are cool, the sky is a sapphire all night, with many stars which seem to be so low in the heavens. A moonlight night is something one could never forget in Persia. All the gardens are overrun with roses. The wild flowers of the desert are very beautiful, but last only a short while as no rain falls in the summer months and the heat is intense.

One can spend many interesting hours wandering through the quaint streets and the Bazaars, where silver jewelry with precious stones may not only be bought, but one can watch it being decorated and made by hand in rather primitive fashion. Camels and donkeys stalk through the streets. Almost everyone rides and you see superb Arab horses. We often ride on the desert where it is a common sight to see camels plodding over the sands in a long caravan with their bells tinkling. The native houses are of mud and stone.

We left Teheran on the third of May and everyone came to the Airport to see us off. We flew away at 3.45.

The trip to Baghdad was bad for about ten minutes when we bumped terrifically almost falling to the floor from our chairs. When we tried to cross the highest mountains near Hamadan we lost altitude quickly and got quite a scare. However the rest of the trip was steady. Fortunately neither Maria nor I was sick at all during the whole trip. Imagine flying to a place in four hours that takes two long days by car. It was very hot in Baghdad, 95 degrees, but one can hardly realize it; the air is so dry and you don't perspire at all. We left Baghdad for Damascus ,crossing the desert; this lap of the flight was very smooth. On landing we ate and walked about, but as it was 2 a.m., it was quiet.

From Damascus to Rhodes was wonderful. We flew high above the clouds and, on emerging when I wakened, we were over little islands in the Mediterranean, and shortly afterwards we landed in Rhodes, where everyone was speaking Italian. This was a long lap taking five hours, so it was time for breakfast. For day flights these planes hold ten people, but, as there are regular beds with curtains to pull, they take only four passengers at night. We remained only half an hour. It was a very pretty clean island with lots of vegetation. Rhodes to Athens took two hours. The trip was lovely as we flew very low over the Grecian Archipelago and saw everything very clearly. We were in Athens only a little over an hour. We saw the Acropolis, and we saw the Parthenon on top of one of the small hills. We landed on the plain of Marathon between two high mountains. Athens is wonderfully situated and is really a large city. I never thought I'd be in Athens and was greatly thrilled.

Then we flew up the West Coast by the Aegean Sea. Over Mount Olympus we met rain so we climbed to an altitude of 4,500 metres, really miles above the earth, and it was strange to feel so secure and comfortable.

We came down over Belgrade, but did not stop as our course was changed at the last minute and we went to Budapest. I loved it and would like to go back some day. From Budapest to Berlin took only three hours. We arrived on time on the fourth at 7 p.m. Flying over Hungary was lovely—so many rivers and many white houses with red roofs. Just think of all we saw in 27 hours!

-Muriel Crocket.

SANTIAGO, CHILE

Tuesday, August 16th, 1938

We returned yesterday from one of the loveliest trips I have ever taken. We left Santiago a week ago Sunday, the three boys, Ruby Saxton, a sweet 17 year old girl, and myself on the night train for Osorno. We travelled all night Sunday and all day Monday, through the most beautiful country one can imagine—snow-topped volcanoes formed the horizon and green fields and

valleys filled in the distance between the train and the volcanoes. We all hooted and laughed till we reached Osorno Monday night, where Norman Read and Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, the Australian couple, met us. We stayed Monday night in a new, modern comfortable hotel and started off Tuesday morning in three cars for the We drove for three hours to the base of Osorno Volcano and then walked for half an hour with all our junk to the refugio. The only language it seemed to me that was spoken was German. We were supposed to meet Edgar Bering and Charlie McLean there, but when we asked where they were everyone pointed up to the top of the white volcano, and, with field glasses, we could see two black specks on the top on glare ice. It was a gorgeous day and we all put our skis on and as we started out ourselves, watched the other two make a speedy descent down the mountain side. It took them six hours to climb it and twenty minutes to come down. The next day the rest of us tried to go up, but it turned quite cold during the night so that everything was very icy and also clouds and a strong wind made it hardly worth while. We went about half way up, however, and got a marvellous view of the South of Chile and the snowcapped mountains in the Argentine. It was a strange sensation to be standing way up on tons of snow and look directly down on to fertile green fields and lakes and rivers.

The refugio was spotlessly clean, which is very unusual for Chile. The beds were very comfortable and the food, although nothing to rave about, was eatable. We started out early each morning, about 8.30 a.m., and skied until noon. We then came back down to the refugio and had luncheon, then were off again until about 5, when it started to get dark. In the evenings we played bridge or went to bed.

I learned more about skiing than I have ever known before and certainly I needed instruction. My skis were completely wrong for downhill skiing, much too narrow, and I needed steel edges badly as without, it is impossible to hold a turn on a steep hill in any kind of hard snow. I have never before gone down such steep hills and I have never before spent quite so much time falling down. I felt exactly like a beginner. It really was wonderful though, and I only

wish I had time to go off for a month. We stayed at the refugio from Tuesday until last Saturday and then went back to Osorno and spent Saturday night, leaving there on the train for Santiago early Sunday morning. We had loads of fun coming back on the train, as we had four compartments in a row, which meant we had all the compartments in one car to ourselves. We arrived here Monday evening and yesterday we had a cocktail party for the Chilean Army Riding Team going to the U.S. Then the American Ski Team and myself and some other girls went out for a last dinner and farewell. They left this morning and it is sad to see them go as they were a grand crowd and we had loads of fun. Incidentally the whole trip cost about \$35.00 including everything, so you can see travel in Chile is not very expensive.

P.S.—Had a new experience of doing an uphill climbing with fur skins attached to the bottom of my skiis. Quite a wonderful idea. Certainly much less tiring.

—Miriam Cruikshank.

೦೦೦

IMPRESSIONS OF A FRESHMAN

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania—

It seems strange to find myself actually in Bryn Mawr [pronounced Brin Marr], when I think how determined I was not to go to College. "Why should a girl go to College!" I said with a scornful air, "Four years of utterly wasted time." That was when I thought Senior Matric was the summit of wisdom and earning one's living after school a relatively simple affair. I found that to get a job one must be able to do something useful. A few months of business school convinced me that I would rather do anything than office work. I decided then to prepare a scientific career at college.

Now there are several types of girls who go to college, those who have nothing else to do for four years, those who, like myself, are preparing a career, those whose parents want to keep them out of mischief, and those who go for the sake of pure learning. These distinctions disappear with the whirl of College life. Everyone without exception

has to work hard at Bryn Mawr. It is said, and I think truly, that Bryn Mawr is one of the two women's Colleges in the United States [Radcliffe is the other], with the highest scholastic standing. Certainly we students think so anyway. Until a few years ago, anyone mentioned Bryn Mawr, people immediately pictured a severe female dressed in a soiled sweater and skirt and wearing horn-rimmed glasses and an abstracted expression on her face. This type I am glad to say has practically disappeared from the campus. Naturally a person who has stayed up all night writing a philosophy paper is not at her best the next morning, but on the whole it is said that we are tidy and sometimes good-looking.

Outside opinions, however, bother the Freshman very little. We are far too busy trying to keep ourselves afloat in a sea of classes and assignments. Indeed the Freshman year takes what little knowledge we acquired in High School, puts it carefully in a nutshell, throws it out the window, and recrams our minds in a totally new way. I will not go into all the different departments and the many courses they offer. This is not a catalogue, but my first year impression of Bryn Mawr.

To keep us busy between classes, both the Freshman and the Sophomores must take up at least one sport. The choice of sports varies according to the season of the year. In the Autumn field hockey and tennis are the most popular, in Winter, swimming and basketball and in the Spring, tennis. There are of course many other sports besides. Badminton and fencing are becoming more important this year. Bryn Mawr has many athletic "meets" with other Colleges. The chief rival in swimming, basketball and badminton, is Swarthmore, which usually beats us.

Like all other Colleges, we have our traditions and ceremonies. Lantern night, the Freshman Show [to which men are not allowed] and May Day are as much fun for us students as for the onlookers. I wish I could keep on writing about Bryn Mawr but because of lack of time and space I can only say "May we see more Elmwoodians at Bryn Mawr!"

Mimi Boal

LIMA, PERU

Dear---,

You probably heard more about Lima this past winter than ever before. Over and over again the words "Eighth Pan American Conference at Lima, Peru" were brought before the world by newspapers, magazines and the radio. Each time I heard or read them I marvelled to think that here we are actually living in Lima! For months ahead of time the city was being made ready for the Conference. Two new floors were built on the Hotel Bolivar, which is named after the General who gave Peru and other South American countries their freedom from Spain. Stone buildings in the centre of the city were sand-papered by hand to make them clean and white; woodwork, park benches and street lamps were freshly painted. There were so many ladders erected in the busy streets that it was safer to defy superstition by walking under them on the sidewalks than to risk certain injury from automobiles in the street. Gardens were created, large trees transplanted, new roads opened. By the 8th of December, Lima was ready and the Conference began.

We saw one of the plenary sessions, held as they all were, in the Hall of Congress. Congress, by the way, hasn't sat for two or three years because the President of Peru is a dictator. The Hall was impressive with its very high ceiling and galleries, its beautiful woodwork and fine paintings. The desks were arranged in semi-circular formation, facing the desk at which sat the Chairman of the Conference with certain other officials. The red carpets gave the room a striking appearance as they do in the House of Commons in Ottawa. There was a telephone on each desk. A delegate could plug in and listen with his earphones to a translation of the speech in progress in English, French, Spanish or Portuguese—the four official languages of the conference. I believe the same system of translations and telephones is used at the League of Nations in Geneva.

What the Conference accomplished is known to all of you. Probably its most important achievement was that of better understanding among the American Republics. When men meet together to discuss mutual problems and hopes, some good must come of it.

We met many interesting people during those three weeks—from the State Department in Washington, from Haiti—from many countries. We had the Haitian delegates to luncheon—pure black gentlemen who speak faultless French, and who have such charm of manner and art in conversation that their visit with us is a most happy memory. We were delighted to meet and know Mrs. Archdale, the mother of the Head of Ashbury College. She is a very sweet and interesting person and brought us news of Ottawa.

Lima was very gay during the Conference. The very air seemed charged with excitement and interest. There was rather a letdown feeling when, group by group, the delegates sailed for home and we waved them farewell from Callao, the port of Lima, which is ten miles away.

During our first visit to Lima I always carried an umbrella and raincoat, because the sky was overcast. At the end of a week a friend laughingly told me that I wouldn't need them here because it hadn't rained in 25 years! All this section of the coast of South America is a desert—real desert with miles and miles of sand. Only the camels are lacking to make it the desert of our childhood dreams. It is so surprising to find Lima in the midst of this sandy waste—a city which is filled with trees and grass and flowers. All this greenness is the result of irrigation. Water from the hills is carried to all parts of the city in open cement ditches which run right alongside the streets and are a hazard to motorists. So far we have been lucky enough to avoid them. Gardeners stop the flow of water by dams of sacking or other material and so flood the land they want to water. With this careful and thorough irrigation system gardens are lovely all the year round, particularly, though, in the winter months from June to November. There are flowering trees—yellow broom, blue jacaranda and wisteria, pink crepe myrtle and oleander. With these in bloom Lima has the lovely appearance of a Japanese print. The usual flowers grow here-stock, phlox, roses, sweet peas, chrysanthemums, almost everything except spring flowers, such as tulips, hyacinths and daffodils. I believe they need frost, which of course we don't have. Cotton and sugar are among the chief exports of Peru—their cultivation also made possible by irrigation. Banana trees are everywhere but are mostly used for home consumption.

With all the sandy desert around Lima you can imagine what marvellous beaches there are. For the last three months we have been going sea bathing and having picnics. There are multitudes of little crabs which dig holes in the sand and lizards, which are so daring as to almost eat out of one's hand. They scamper about with lightning swiftness and are so well camouflaged as to be almost invisible when standing still. The seagulls line the edge of the water and run out after the receding waves to pick up tiny little shell creatures called "mui muis." Guano birds, too, sometimes alight on the shores, although they spend most of their time on the islands. These islands, covered with the precious guano fertilizer, glisten white in the sunshine and look like icebergs. The sun is very strong and the sand gets so hot that our little dachshund puppy can't walk on it. carry her to the edge of the water where the sand is damp and cool.

These are the busiest days of my life, and no day is long enough. The first thing we hear in the morning is the garbage truck, which has an imperative calliope-like exhaust whistle, which blows regardless of whether or not the garbage has been put out. Often there are big black buzzards pecking at the refuse. They are the real scavengers of these countries. Anything that dies on the highways or in the fields is quickly disposed of by these carrion birds. They are protected by law because they serve a very useful purpose in keeping the city and its environs free from contamination. Perched on one's rooftop, though, they have a sinister appearance.

Once awake and out of bed, we hear the strawberry vendor shouting the word for strawberries in Spanish. He is the most picturesque sight in the city. He balances a long bamboo pole on one shoulder to which are tied about twenty little flat baskets at regular intervals. On each of these is a cabbage leaf and on it a pile of the most luscious-looking strawberries you ever saw. Other fruitsellers wheel by their handcarts calling their wares. Then comes the brushman with his characteristic call [not the

Fuller brushman]. He has brooms and brushes of every description which he carries on his shoulder. The newspaper man, the ice-cream man, the knife sharpener, even the pie man of our nursery rhymes, passes by many times every day.

In Lima there are beautiful wide boulevards lined with trees. The Plaza de Armas is impressive with the President's Palace and the Cathedral. The Plaza San Martin, too, is surrounded by handsome stone buildings. Many modern style houses are springing up like mushrooms throughout the city. We were lucky enough to find a lovely house with a walled-in garden at the back. There the dachshund puppy disports herself most of the day, chasing butterflies, digging holes and tearing up the flowers.

Every two or three weeks all the books and clothes, suitcases, blankets, etc., have to be put in the sunshine to avoid mildew. In the winter months the humidity is nearly one hundred per cent.

The tennis club is only two blocks away and we play quite often. There are professionals always available and ball boys to chase the balls. There is no wasted effort. The best of these little boys is a darky, whom we call the chocolate drop. Tennis can be played all the year round in Lima.

I take riding lessons from an excellent Portuguese riding master. His star pupil is an American girl of sixteen, very pretty and attractive, a marvellous horsewoman—and a bullfighter. We saw her kill her first bull a short time ago. She leaves soon for Mexico with her beautiful trained horse to fight in the bullrings there. Having seen this fight, we were persuaded to see another with professional matadors from Spain. We saw all the pomp and the show of it and its pain and tragedy. That is an experience checked off our list which we hope never to repeat.

I have a wonderful Spanish "profesora" whose idea is to give her pupils an insight into the beauty of the Spanish language, to help them to understand Peru, the people, the country, its history and its problems. We go sightseeing together—have visited museums, churches, and the Palace of the Perichole, whom you will remember if you have read "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

SAMARA

Señorita Paz Soldan has taken me to houses of her Peruvian friends where without her it would be impossible to go. It is a great privilege for which I am sincerely grateful. One house we visited was built by one of the fourteen conquistadores, who, led by Pizarro, conquered Peru in 1531. The gracious lady now living in it is the fourteenth generation. Think of fourteen generations living continuously in one house!

There was a revolution here some weeks ago. The Cabinet Minister who tried to usurp the President's office was shot with two or three of his followers. We drove past the palace two or three hours later and saw it heavily guarded by soldiers and a squad of motor cycle police. The revolution was quickly put down, but made us realize that a more serious revolution would be no joke.

The Chilean earthquake filled the hearts of everyone here with fear and deepest sympathy for the sufferers. When the news came everyone naturally thought of friends in Chile, and our thoughts flew to the Armours, Mimsie Cruikshank and the Cecil Lyons. Fortunately there was little damage in Santiago.

A few days later, during luncheon, we heard a strange, loud roaring noise like the sound of the sea. It was followed by a shaking, and we lost little time in getting out of the house. This small tremor, as it turned out to be, really frightened us, so deep an impression has the Chilean disaster made on us.

I have told you nothing of the parties here which occupy so much time—of luncheons and teas; of cocktail parties which last from seven till nine; of dinners which begin sometimes at ten or later; of our recent trip to Huacachina where there are mineral baths which have a great reputation for their healing properties; [we didn't try them ourselves because, both feeling perfectly well, we hesitated to tempt Providence; of the things we hope to do such as digging for mummies in the vast burial grounds of the Incas and Pre-Incas; and of trips we hope to take into the jungle on the other side of the Andes. But, as I wrote you from La Paz last year, this is the land of manana and those other tales must wait for another day.

With greetings from Lima,

Sincerely,

Catherine Macphail Breuer

American Consulate General, Lima, Peru, April, 1939.

೦೦೦

TOKYO, JAPAN

Dear-

"Samara" gave me a real treat as I thoroughly enjoyed renewing my own happy memories of dear Elmwood. I wish I might send my best wishes to all the old girls who remember me, and how happy I should be to know the present students!

You ask for news of me, and how I should love to tell you all the happenings since my days at Elmwood, under Miss Neal, when my father was the Japanese Consul-General to Canada. Time passed rapidly since our departure from Ottawa, but fortunately memories cannot be blotted out, and during the three years spent at the Capital in Tokyo, where my father was stationed at our foreign office, my thoughts often flew over the sea to the school that had become so dear to me. Perhaps, my ignorance of my Mother language, which had to be learned all over again, helped to make me "homesick" for Elmwood, where I had found so many dear classmates.

Scarcely had I begun to get accustomed to my new surroundings, when my father was transferred as Minister to Holland, so we embarked once again on a sea journey, this time by the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, via Naples, Marseilles, and Gibraltar, until we arrived in London. Here, at the age of 13, I think I was reminiscing again, for England was strongly connected in my mind with the home of my dear Elmwoodians. We remained there but nine days, yet I saw enough to have Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly, Hyde Park and the Zoo strongly engraved on my mind, and I still retain a most friendly feeling towards London, though it was foggy and damp in March. 1930.

Arriving in Holland, I soon discovered, what you already know, that Holland is lower than the sea. There were no mountains to be seen, but who could ever forget the unending fields of rainbow-coloured flowers, tulips, hyacinths, daffodils floating in the breeze. The Hague was a quiet place, clean and small, with its famous "Peace Palace."

I spent two happy years there, partly at the Sacré Coeur to learn French, and partly in what you would consider a lazy fashion, simply running after golf balls or swimming at Scheveningen. By this time you will realize that I have had something of a wanderer's life since I left Ottawa, and now five years after my departure from Elmwood, my father was appointed Minister to Austria. Pre-Anschluss Vienna was poor, but oh, so beautiful! I shall never forget the happy memories I carried away with me, magnificent scenery, loyal, loving friends, and the close of my school days. My father arranged for me to attend the Sacré Coeur Boarding School, situated outside the Capital in the Viennese Wood [Wiener Wald]. There two of the happiest years I have ever known were spent, and there my school days were brought to a close, and I carried away with me far more than the German language or better said, perhaps, the Viennese dialect that I learnt.

During my stay in Europe we travelled over the Continent by motor car, and I was able to see South Germany, in and out of the Black Forest, Koeln, Heidelberg, Bonn, Baden-Baden. Switzerland, too, charmed me with its snow-capped Alps, Mount Blanc, beautiful and impressive in its great dignity, and then peaceful Geneva. France, with its own peculiar charms, charms that belong only to France! Paris was fascinating, and I loved the Champs Elysées. Belgium was still suffering from the damage sustained from the World War, but its hilly roads and beautiful Brussels' lace are still fresh in my memory. Italy, with its Eternal City, Rome, artistic Florence, romantic Venice, as well as picturesque Hungary, let me share their charms, and I cannot efface the thousands of beautiful memory pictures stored in such a way that contrasts, similarities and contiguities bring them back to my mind at a moment's notice.

Home again in my native Tokyo, I am still studying, but now I am learning those accomplishments, peculiar to the Japanese lady; tea ceremony, flower arrangement, and Japanese writing. I should love to tell you about these highly interesting and attractive things, which are little known outside Japan, but this letter is already too long and I hesitate to take too much of your time. In the next epistle I shall let you know about my doings if you are still interested. You know full well how much I should love to return to Ottawa, and see all my old friends, but now I must be content to send my very best wishes to all the Old Girls, and my sincere gratitude to Mrs. Buck for her kindness.

Sachiko Matsunago

cov.

LIMERICKS OF "ONCE UPON A TIME"

There was an old man of Glentoch, Who did nothing but talk, just talk. One day at a meal, So tired of his spiel, His wife said, "Go drown in a loch!"

There was an old woman of York, Who always ate nothing but pork; When the doctor said "No, The pork it must go", She finished herself with a fork.

There was a young man of Galicia, Who did nothing but fisha, and fisha. While sitting one day, At the edge of a bay, He fell in, and exclaimed, "Tisha, tisha!"

There was a young girl of Brazil,
Who simply would not take a pill;
When told that she must,
She fussed and she fussed,
Then cried, "If I must, then I will!"

---Winifred Cross Keller House



THE CERISE DRESS

NE morning, when I was vainly displaying myself in "Madame Dupré's Gowne Shoppe" window, a buxomlooking woman entered and said she would like to see "those dresses", pointing in my direction.

"Thank goodness," I thought, "I am only size 14, so she will not try to fit me on that large figure." My friend, hanging near, sighed, and murmured, "O dear, I am an outsize; she is sure to pick me." But still I did not like the way she raised her lorgnette and looked me up and down with obvious pleasure written on her face. My heart sank, for here was Madame Dupré walking straight towards me and uttering those hackneyed words: "Now, I have the very thing for you; it's the latest spring style from Paris-I just know you'll love it. Isn't it chic? And such a delightfully cheerful shade of cerise!" This was a warning to me. I knew that every time Madame used her special sales talk there was no hope for a dress, even if it didn't suit the customer at all. What was I to do? Had Madame forgotten I was only a 14 size? Was I to be stretched and tortured till my seams burst? But, wait! What did she say? She doesn't want to wear me herself; she is buying me for her daughter? I was so relieved that I fell from Madame's hands in a limp heap on the floor. "Oh, how clumsy of me!",

murmured Madame, and picked me up carefully.

I was put in a box with a great deal of tissue paper around me, and lay there for what seemed hours. Then, I felt myself being freed from my paper shroud and two dainty hands grasped me by the shoulders and drew me out into daylight again.

"Oh, Mother, where did you buy it? Do I like it? Well, the colour isn't bad, but the style is hideous. But, maybe it would look a bit better on. I wish you hadn't bought it for me; it's far too childish for a girl of my age, don't you think?"

"Why, certainly not, dear, the lady in the shop told me it was just my style."

"Oh, how absurd! I don't like it, anyway."

All these insulting things this spoilt girl was saying about me made my blood boil, and I clenched my buttons and hooks as tight as I could, to make it difficult for her to put me on. I was determined not to fit her, just for spite, and bulged in all directions so that I made her look very untidy. I would not belong to anyone who did not like me; I wanted somebody who would cherish me and still keep me when I grew old and out of fashion; she would not do that, I was sure!

And I was right. She took me back to the shop, but Madame Dupré would not have me returned; and I was given away to the spoilt girl's maid. I had found the owner I wanted, for she wore me every Thursday on her half-day and took great care of me. I was very happy with this life. The maid's friends were not so critical about my style or colour and they all admired me and said I was so pretty.

But, after a while my buttons fell off,—like losing your teeth when you get old—and my hem and seams broke, but, worst of all, my beautiful cerise colour faded! I was no longer the lovely chic model in "The Gowne Shoppe" window. But, I had had my day. I had enjoyed my short life, so I did not mind, I was peacefully nestling away in my mistress' cupboard.

However, one day when the maid's mother was looking through her cupboards for any old scraps of material to use for making a patch work quilt, she came across me, huddled in a corner, old and tattered, "the very thing," she exclaimed, "you won't be wearing this old faded dress any more, will you, Annie?" "No, I don't think so, mother," she replied. So, I was taken out of the fusty cupboard and cut up in small squares, to my great humiliation.

Now, sad as it may seem, I have been turned into part of a humble, old-fashioned quilt. What a let down for a dress that had once belonged to a rich girl and lived, though only for a few days, a life of luxury in her perfumed cupboard amongst expensive companions like herself! Ah, well, other dresses have come to a worse fate than mine, so now I am resigned to spend the rest of time as a cover to keep people warm; a forlorn existence, but a useful one!

—Diana Warner— V C.

೦೦೦

THE BACK-SEAT DRIVER

George, be careful. You are going to hit that man crossing the street. I know we aren't crossing the street, but the man is.

Really, George, why did you ever get caught in this traffic jam? Now, if I were driving this car I would have turned up that last side-street. What did you say? Of course you didn't know there was going to be a traffic jam? But you could have used your brains.

Where do I want to go? To five, First Avenue. I told you before, but I guess you weren't listening. Why did you come this way? If you had gone by Young Street, we would be there by now. I'm late for my appointment, as it is.

George, you are going through a red light! Do you want to be put in prison? Look out for that dog. Why are you going so fast? Yes, I know, I said I had an appointment, but there is no need for you to break our necks.

Honk your horn! George, do you hear me? Honk your horn! Never mind, it is too late now. You almost ran over that old woman. Really you ought to take driving lessons. I think I will teach you myself. What was that? Well, you should never mutter to yourself when you are driving.

Has this car no springs or is it just you? No, don't bother answering. I know, it's the car. It's always the car. Your driving is faultless.

George, you're going too fast. George, stop! stop! We went round that last corner on two wheels. Stop this car immediately. I'll be much safer if I walk. I've aged ten years during this drive. Never again will I set foot in a car with you at the wheel.

Oh, are we here already? Well, call for me in one hour. Good-bye."

Susan Kenny— V Matric

000

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE

WENT into the drug store, intending to buy a tooth brush. Never having had the experience of buying one by myself before, I was not sure of their prices, but I thought that anything around the fifty cent mark would be probable.

I walked confidently up to the tooth brush stand and looked at the various brushes in the case. One of the clerks came over, and asked—

"Is there anything I could do for you, Miss?"

"Yes, I would like to get a tooth brush," I answered.

At that moment, as I put my fingers into my change purse, I remembered that I had paid for my library book, and that now there was only a small, shiny quarter in my bag. I realized with a jolt what a dreadfully embarrassing situation I was in. Why! I hadn't enough money to pay for the cheapest brush in front of me.

The young man was busily engaged in telling me the merits of each brush, but I was only half listening. I was trying to think in what manner I could evade this clerk, and hide my secret.

I quickly pointed to one of the brushes,

and asked timidly,

"Is this a good brush?"

"Yes," he replied, "it is one of our standard brushes."

He glanced at me, and when he saw the dubious expression on my face, he immediately added,

'But of course, if you would care for a more expensive one; they are here in this case at the right."

I gulped and quickly assured him that I thought the standard line was quite good enough. What could I do? I was getting in deeper and deeper.

The clerk remained still for some time, waiting for me to decide on the brush. I glanced quickly at the show case, with a torment of thoughts racing through my brain. Finally I blurted out that I didn't think I'd take a tooth brush after all, but just a small tube of tooth paste.

He looked at me curiously for a moment, then went over to the counter and showed me a box, containing both a tooth brush and

tooth paste.

"This," he said, holding it up, "is a special to-day for sixty cents. It is really a good 'buy', Miss,—you couldn't buy either of them for that price, separately.

—Goodness, he must have thought I was

bargain-hunting!

'But I don't want a tooth brush,'' I replied emphatically, "I only want a small tube of

tooth paste.

The clerk was determined to sell me a brush, now that I didn't want one. He showed me several more bargains, which I refused, then again he showed me the expensive ones.

I was desperate now, and I am sure that my burning cheeks showed my embarrassment. At last, the clerk seemed to have guessed my secret, probably from the un-

easiness I showed.

"Would you be interested in the thirty cent brushes, Miss?" he asked. "They are considered very good in their line although they are cheap.

I averted my head, and asked firmly for a small tube of tooth paste. He finally secured it for me, and after I gave him my quarter, I walked out quickly and in as

dignified a manner as I could.

I needed a tooth brush, so I went to my father's office and got some money from him. Then, as I refused to set foot in that same drugstore again, I went into one across the street, and looked at the brushes.

When the man in the store told me they were standard brushes, for fifty cents, asked if they were considered good, and if they had any others I could see. He looked at me piercingly, and replied, pointing to a box of tooth brushes—

'The ones you are looking at now are our best, but of course, if you were looking for something cheaper, I have some good brushes for seven cents, on sale today."

This was the last straw. I tossed my head impatiently and said, "No! of course not, I'll take the fifty cent one, thank you."

Anne Shaw—

VI Upper

THE ROAMER

Over the fields and far away, Into the distant hills, All his cares and hopes have strayed, As he passes the old windmills.

His face is eager, his heart is free, And his lifted voice outrings, Beneath the sky of gilded blue, He leaves life's bitter stings.

The quilted fields before him lie, To tramp the whole day through, He stops awhile to gaze upon, The flowers of different hue.

His happiness is now complete, He longs for nothing more; He's thrown away the breaking thoughts Of all that's gone before.

> —CLAIR PERLEY-ROBERTSON 5C—Keller

VI MATRIC

Name	Nickname	Favourite	Hobby	Pet Weakness	Borrowed from
		Occupation			Somewhere
Nancy Baker	Bake	Translating Virgil, Caesar—anything, as long as it's Latin.	Writing letters	Skiing week-ends	She's little, but she's wise She's a tenor for her size.
Joan Daniels	Daniels	Studying German —she loves it!	Tennis	Shorts	Always humorous, gay and witty.
Mackie Edwards	Max	Filling the ink wells Monday morning.	"Benny"	Milk shakes [chocolate]	"How many hours a day do you do lessons?" said Alice.
Gillian German	Gill	Getting the games cupboard tidied.	Little bows	The grill	That her fair form may stand and shine, Make bright our days, and light our dreams.
Muriel Inkster	Inky	Asking very complicated questions.	Listening to the clock strike midnight.	Sleeping in class.	Life is but an empty dream, Why wake up and slave?
Mary Paterson	Patty	Reviewing "Canned" History	Queen's	Chocolate covered peanuts	O, dancing is a great thing, A great thing to me!
Cynthia Sims	``Cynie''	Blowing through lime-water. Note: — Chemistry class	Skating	Geometry	Yearning in desire to follow knowledge like a sinking star [?].
Gloria Vaughan	"Glo"	Algebra	Smelling Chloroform	Oppenheim	She doeth much that doeth a thing well.
To those leaving:		nd filled with sad and into the further day. d luck!	gay		

Mackie Edwards,
Form Representative.

UN PETIT VILLAGE APRÈS UNE GRANDE TEMPÊTE DE NEIGE

OMME je montais la colline, le soleil sortit derrière les grands et sinistres nuages, qui avaient obscurci le ciel pendant si longtemps, et éclaira la neige qui venait de tomber, la faisant étinceler comme un tapis de diamants.

Du haut de la colline, une belle vue me salua, car juste au-dessous de moi, niché dans le vallon, se trouvait un petit village. Les toits des petites maisons étaient chargés de neige, qui quelquefois tombait à terre brusquement. La fumée tourbillonnait lentement au-dessus de leurs petites cheminées, et se perdait dans le ciel bleu. Les sapins et les haies étaient chargés de neige et leurs branches paraissaient gémir sous le poids, pendant que la blancheur polie du chemin était brisée seulement par les ornières des traîneaux.

Au centre du village, il y avait une petite église. Les gens y allaient par groupes et les enfants courant à côté de leurs parents se jetaient des boules de neige les uns aux autres en riant. Puis ces sons étaient noyés dans les joyeux tintement des clochettes des traîneaux. L'un d'eux parut à un tournant et complèta ce charmant et joyeux tableau.

—B. Black, V Matric.

A TROPICAL NIGHT

TWAS a warm balmy night in Southern Florida. A large full moon hung low in the heavens above the dark ocean, casting a sheen of silver over palms and sea. Far above in the sky millions of stars were sprinkled like diamonds strewn on black velvet. The only sounds were the low roar of the ocean's surf as it dashed up over the white sands, bathed in pale moonlight, and the gentle whispers of the trade winds, sighing through the leaves of the palms, which stood gracefully outlined against the sky, with the silver of the moon shining through them.

Everything else was still and peaceful, while far out on the calm Caribbean, shone the twinkling lights of a ship, as it ploughed its way through the still waters. The scent of fragrant flowers was borne along with the breeze that rustled in the palms, while phosphorescent streaks of silver rode on the crest of the ocean breakers.

Somewhere from the shadows, came the haunting strains of "Begin the Beguine," and silently, a few clouds half hid the moon from view, making it look like a great silver bowl, spilling myriads of stars, and then all was still.

Pamela Booth— Nightingale House ≈

NATURE BY MOONLIGHT

NE warm summer evening I set out in my canoe to try to see some beavers, who were building their house on the lake in front of our cottage. I paddled quietly alone in the moonlight so that I would not frighten the beavers and make them hide in their house. The stars were very clear that night and the moon shone brightly on the calm water. Everything was still, and the tall trees stood motionless.

As I paddled quietly along, I heard a faint rustling in the bushes. I stopped paddling and listened. The noise grew louder, and suddenly there appeared, through the trees, a little fawn. By the aid of the moon, I could see him blinking his large innocent eyes at me. He had evidently lost his mother, while they were out eating strawberries. I stopped for a few minutes

and watched him from the shadows. Suddenly he pricked up his ears and listened and then darted away through the woods. He had, I supposed, heard his mother and had gone to join her.

I paddled on more quickly now, to where I believed the beavers' house to be. As I drew near to the spot, I slackened my pace and approached more quietly. I saw a slight ripple on the water ahead of me, and realized that I had reached the house.

Beavers have very sharp ears. The father beaver heard me coming and smacked the water with his broad, flat tail. The young beavers scurried into their house, while the father beaver swam swiftly towards me, still flapping his tail. As he drew near the canoe, I turned on my flash light, so that I might have a good look at this strange animal. When he felt the light being focussed upon him, he swam up beside the canoe and gave the water a hard smack with his tail, thoroughly soaking me, and then swam contentedly away, back to his house. I returned to the cottage, drenched but satisfied.

Joan Creighton— Keller House

THE WRECK

On the beach beyond the city, Lay a schooner old and worn, She once had sailed the seven seas And braved many a winter's storm.

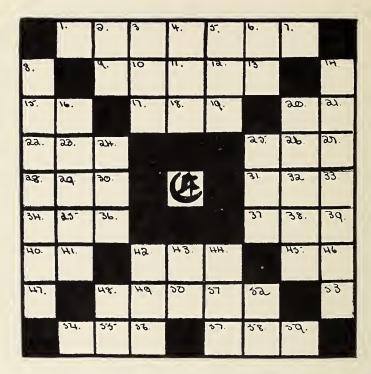
She had carried precious cargoes
Of costly Rhenish wine,
And silks and furs had stored her hold,
And many things as fine.

She had sailed beneath old London Bridge In the merry month of May, And had weathered the northland's icy blast In Canada's Hudson Bay.

She had carried precious timbers From Burma to Milan, And silks and eastern treasure To Europe from Japan.

Now she rests upon the seashore On her seaweed-covered side. And dreams of vanished glory, To the music of the tide.

> -MARY OSLER Fry House



ACROSS

- 1. Daily record of events.
- 9. Criminal deception.
- 15. Slang for yes.
- 17. North Western Territories (abbrev.)
- 20. Honorary degree.
- 22. Noise common to black sheep.
- 25. By means of (abbrev.)
- 28. Part at circumference of a circle.
- 31. Spike or head of corn containing seeds.
- 34. Child's bed.
- 37. Fuss, difficulty.
- 40. County, in Ireland (abbrev.)
- 42. Put or let down into liquid.
- 45. A Saint (abbrev.)
- 48. Division of a Church.
- 54. Consumed.
- 57. Lyric poem of exalted style.

DOWN

- 2. The Hound the Baskervilles.
- 3. Vase shaped vessel with tap for tea.
- 4. Sensitive to the touch.
- 5. Fruit consisting of hard shell.
- 6. Advertisement (abbrev.)
- 8. Narcotic leaves from which cigars and snuff are made.
- 16. High plateau waterless in dry season.
- 24. Decree at legislative body.
- 25. Kinds of plant bearing round seeds in pods and cultivated for feed.
- 20. Small knobs in front sight of gun.
- 14. Edible roots.
- 48. Dinner . . . eight.
- 42. Carving or embossing stamp.
- 43. 3rd, pers. sing. pres. of be.
- 44. Frequently put on blackboard to preserve chalk marks.
- 52. Editor (abbrev.)

-BETTY MASSEY, Fry

AN INDESCRIBABLE PICTURE

THIS immense playground in the heart of the Canadian Rocky Mountains is a huge canvas upon which nature has splashed her colours with a lavish brush, and used the arts of magic to limn the contours of a world of almost indescribable grandeur.

Within the borders of Jasper National Park, one mountain range succeeds another. Among still forests little lakes nestle in undisturbed tranquility; lakes that shimmer like jewels in the sun, some of them sapphire, some amethyst and others wrought of purest jade. Higher yet beyond where the trees can follow, alpine meadows stretch themselves in freedom and among them glow and twinkle flowers of every hue. Above these uplands rise the peaks, uncounted numbers of them, great glaciers and their gleaming snow-capped crowns holding eternal communion with the sun by day, and with the stars by night.

With the history of a nation etched on her mountain walls and the ghost of the explorer and fur trader still haunting her wooded valleys, Jasper links the lusty traditions of Canada and the recreations of the modern world. Not only in history, but in geography too, has Jasper contributed to Canada's greatness. The first recorded visit of a white man to what is now Jasper Park, was made by David Thompson on his famous journey across the Rockies to the Columbia River by way of the Athabaska Pass, in the winter of 1811.

Redolent of the romance which surrounded its discovery is the Committee's Punch Bowl on the Summit of the Pass. It was so named because Sir George Simpson, then governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, treated his little entourage to a bottle of wine in passing the pool during a crossing in 1825. Jasper was one of the rich fur domains for which the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company fought bitterly in the nineteenth century. The name of the park itself perpetuates the memory of Jasper Hawes, an old servant of the North West Company whose post stood near to the present town of Jasper. The area of the Park covers 4,200 square miles of rocky mountain territory.

Among the many activities of Jasper, motoring in the Park discloses regions of impressive beauty. Golf is something to cheer about, for here has been created the kind of a course of which many a golfer dreams, but on which he never expects to play. Through picturesque trails, unsurpassed in the world, sure-footed mounts carry the rider on trips that offer the ultimate in out-door enjoyment. Other activities consist of mountain climbing, swimming and fishing.

As well as being a playground for people, Jasper is also a game sanctuary. Bears and deer are to be found everywhere dwelling in harmony among themselves and in friendship with man.

Among the natural wonders of the park are the Miette Hot Springs. The Springs are among the hottest on the continent, the waters reaching a temperature of one hundred and twenty-six degrees Fahrenheit where they issue from the rocks.

One of the most beautiful of the drives is that to the Columbia Icefield. This vast area of ice and snow which extends for one hundred and fifty square miles and is five hundred feet deep is well named "The Mother of Rivers" for here arise the Columbia, the Athabaska and the Saskatchewan, which find their way to three oceans, the Pacific, the Arctic and the Atlantic.

Another drive of indescribable grandeur is that to the "Everest of Jasper," Mount Edith Cavell. Eighteen miles by road to the south of the town her crest half lost in the clouds she stands as a memorial to the martyred British nurse who gave her life for her country in 1915. From every angle Cavell is one of the Park's most majestic mountains. Viewed from across beautiful Lac Beauvert, with her reflection faultlessly mirrored in the glassy surface, the effect is indescribably beautiful. To the mountain's Northern side clings the Ghost Glacier, and below, almost hidden in timber, is Lake Cavell.

This is Jasper, a vision created by the Artist of the World for the delight of man.

G. Vaughan— VI Matric—Fry House

JOSEPH BRANT

IN HIS youth, Joseph Brant had two great aims, one, to be a leader among his people, the Indians, and the other to advance their religious and moral welfare. He rose rapidly in the esteem of the Six Nations and was soon their leader.

When the American colonies declared their independence of Britain, the Six Nations, under Brant's influence, remained loyal to the British. In 1776, he visited England, where he became even more loyally attached to the Empire. When he returned to America, a terrible warfare was being waged in New York and Pennsylvania, between the Loyalists and Indians on one hand, and the revolutionists on the other. Bitter and cruel deeds were done on both sides. Sometimes the Indians got out of Brant's control, and, falling on the little American villages, massacred the inhabitants. But Brant always did his best to restrain them; the blame for these scalping expeditions cannot rest upon him.

When a treaty of peace finally closed the war, only Canada, the Maritimes and Newfoundland remained British. In England, the government realized that Brant and his Indians had been valuable allies to the loyalists, during the war; and so they were given an immense tract of land in Southern Ontario. Because Brant wished to sell it, the government invested the proceeds for the benefit of the Indians. Those who lived in the Mohawk Valley wished, of course, to stay there. But this had been given to the Americans, and Brant and his warriors fought bravely a losing battle. Finally they were forced to surrender the country north of the Ohio to their Southern enemies.

The rest of Brant's life was spent in helping the Indians to understand Christianity. He translated part of the Bible into the Indian tongue and read it in a church built for the Indians.

Joseph Brant is entitled to great credit for helping to keep Canada British. He died in 1804.

> —Nancy Bowman Keller

JUST A SCHOOL GIRL

I am just a school girl, Who goes to school each day, To write a lot with pen and ink And never stay away.

Life seems somewhat monotonous To go there all the time, And yet my heart is happy, And sometimes quite sublime.

But in the Spring when skies are blue, And I'm at work in school I have the urge to go away And break the Golden Rule.

At other times when school is dull I fancy I'm a queen; Attired in purple robes and crown, Then life would be serene.

But yet when I come back to earth, And leave that social whirl I thank my stars that I am just A happy Elmwood girl.

> —Margaret Gerard, V Matric Nightingale House

TO THE EDITOR

"It's easy to write for the Mag," said Ann To a girl seeking inspiration, "Read a few things and you'll find that you can Just use your imagination."

"Easier said than done," said I, With not a bright thought in my head. However, I'll have a jolly good try," So I got out my specs and I read.

I read till my brain couldn't hold any more, And Goodman and Hitler changed places, (Don't worry, please, but my eyes were so sore That facts all got jumbled with faces).

Well, after I read, I sat and I thought Of the numberless things that I'd read, Of music and people and wars that were fought But there's still not a thought in my head.

So now you see though I took your advice, Read from the classics to every cheap rag, An order like this can't be filled in a trice, And here's all I can write for the Mag.

> —GILL GERMAN VI Matric.

CALGARY STAMPEDE AND EXHIBITION

THE day, which the people who throng the streets of Calgary have been awaiting, has finally arrived. It is the day of the opening of the Calgary Stampede. Cowboys, Indians, and people from every vicinity near and far swell the population.

The gala event begins with a parade. It takes place on a Monday morning, the first day of the exciting week. The cowboys and Indians in their full regalia of tengallon hats or their feathers and warpaint, ride on their thoroughbreds following the floats of different represented associations. The parade continues with the appearance of chuck-wagons. Some of them display their pots and pans on the outside of the wagons; others are followed by bawling calves or staggering colts. Every chuckwagon is differently decorated with amusing inscriptions. The parade finally draws to a close with the arrival of clowns followed by the Royal North-West Mounted Police in their full-dress uniforms.

The arena performances begin shortly after mid-day. Tiers of seats are filled with breathless people, waiting to watch the most thrilling sport in the world—the riding of untamed horses. The show begins with a stage performance by tight-rope walkers, amusing clowns, beautiful dancing girls, and jugglers. At last the most thrilling event of the afternoon commences. The stall gates are thrown open, and a bucking horse, carrying a daring rider, gallops around the enclosure. After bucking madly, the horse finally succeeds in ridding itself of its burden by throwing the rider to the ground. Many times the horseman will be seriously injured. The programme proceeds with the riding of the wild bulls. There are competitions in calf roping, milking wild cows, and throwing the lariat. All these are very exciting. The show is brought to a conclusion with a thrilling chuck-wagons race. These races consist of four or five canvas-covered wagons, drawn madly by two horses around the track.

The evening performance is much the same, except on the last day, when there is the finest display of fire-works many people

have ever seen. A great performance ends with a great display.

In the midway is the hustle and bustle, like that of a traffic-jammed street. The stall men call the people to come and try their luck; merry-go-rounds call the people to ride to their monotonous tunes. Those who are not able to enjoy the arena show are able to amuse themselves with the variety of entertainments offered to them in the lantern-lit midway.

The conclusion of this great show, after one week of performances, is a cowboy ball. Anyone wishing to attend is advised to wear heavy shoes, as the floor of the dance hall is the street, the roof being the star-lit sky.

As the population of Calgary dwindles like a balloon that has a slow leak, one of the greatest shows is all but forgotten until the rolling tide of time brings the Stampede and Exhibition, once more, to the little city of the foothills.

—Frances Bell Fry House

ODE TO JITTERBUGS

Jitter, jitter, jump, hop, Kick, shag, clap, stop— Pass, fling, turn round, Bend, stretch, make sound.

Though they're a bunch of maniacs And caper 'round like mad, This exercise most strenuous Is certainly the fad.

Perhaps it drives you crazy? (That's neither here nor there—) And youth with such vitality Can cope with any scare.

When jazzy bands start tooting (The clarinet takes the cake!)
Jitterbugs start jam session—
Oh Jam, we're in your wake!

Jitter, jitter, jump, hop, Kick, shag, clap, stop— Pass, fling, turn round Bend, stretch, make sound.

> -Mary Paterson VI M.

A VISIT TO FORT ANNE

WHILE motoring through Nova Scotia last summer, we stopped at historic Annapolis, at the head of Annapolis basin. This town, which was founded in 1604 by De Monts and Champlain, harbours many things of interest, the most noteworthy of these being Fort Anne. This quaint building is situated behind high ramparts and only the three tall chimneys can be seen from the opposite side of them. In the officers' quarters, the only remaining building is now a fascinating museum.

We were taken first into the Acadian room and immediately transported into the home of an Acadian peasant of two hundred and fifty or more years ago. The walls and ceiling have been taken from an Acadian cottage and are rough woodwork, painted blue and white. In the old fireplace the pots hang on a crane as if dinner were being prepared. There is a churn, a table, chairs, a spinning-wheel with the wool still on it, old pressing-irons, and in the corner, an old wooden cradle. In a prominent position is an unusual-looking iron implement. On enquiring, we discovered it was an altar bread iron. The batter was mixed and poured on the iron. It was closed and baked. When the bread was cooked, it was taken off the iron. The inscriptions on the iron were pressed on to the bread during the baking. This is the oldest relic of the Acadians in existence.

In another room we were shown the first spinet brought to Annapolis. It had belonged to Judge Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slicke," who lived there. There is also a chair and an old clock that had belonged to him. Here, too, is the weathervane of the old fort, with "George II G.R. 1738" stamped on it. There is a painting of Queen Anne and a book of almanacs, which had belonged to her; on the wall hangs a design of a flying machine invented in Queen Anne's time. There is also a prayer book dated 1706, from which the first Anglican service was read to the garrison of Fort Anne. Cromwellian armour hangs on the wall, signifying the period at which the fort was finally brought under the British flag.

Perhaps the most interesting room of all is the "Champlain Room." This is full of relics pertaining to the time when he lived in his habitation which was situated about five miles off on the shores of Annapolis Basin. We were shown an exact copy of this fort where the Order of Good Times, the oldest American Society, was founded. There are many primitive implements, such as a wooden hand-plough, a wooden bowl and club for crushing corn and wheat. There is also a map made by Lescarbot of Port Royal in 1606. An obviously old pair of andirons graced the fire-places.

The first powder magazine, the Bastion de Bourgogne, is dated 1702. It is completely underground and it had to be abandoned because of dampness. Another magazine was built, the Bastion de Berry. The walls are four and a half feet thick. It is built of French stone brought from Normandy.

The present officers' quarters were built by the English, not by the French as is often thought. They have now been made fireproof because of the valuable collection they harbour, but a section of the original wall is left open. It consisted of boards plastered together with mud and clay. The outside was white clapboard, but is now stucco. This building has three large chimneys and thirty-five fire-places were used to heat it in the winter. Outside are a sentry box and several old cannon on their original wooden bases. The only entrance to the Fort from beyond the ramparts is an open arch called the Sally Port.

The key of the old Fort is on display there. It is nine inches long and weighs between two and three pounds. There is also a key for the Bastion de Berry, which still fits the lock.

Annapolis is certainly a historic place.

Mary Osler—Fry House

Answer to Puzzle on Page 50



TEN LITTLE SCHOOL GIRLS

Ten little schoolgirls standing in a line,
Latin got the best of them. Then there were nine.
Nine jolly schoolgirls. One was very late,
She got an order mark. Then there were eight.
Eight pretty schoolgirls looking up to Heaven,
One got sunburned. Then there were seven.
Seven witty schoolgirls, up to awful tricks,
One was ordered far away. Then there were six.
Six laughing schoolgirls, looking so alive,
One laughed herself away. Then there were five.
Five walking schoolgirls. It began to pour,
One got very wet. Then there were four.
Four puzzled schoolgirls. "Where can the
others be!"

One looked too long for them. That left only three. Three happy schoolgirls. Tea-time's almost due. A bad mosquito bit one. Then there were two. Two doleful schoolgirls, sighing for some fun. One sighed herself away. Then there was one. One lonesome schoolgirl, when the day was done, She went slowly off to bed. Then there was none.

—MARGARET GERARD

Nightingale House

000

VI UPPER FORM NOTES

Down in your classroom sweet and gay, Miss Mills' fair domain, Before the prayer-bell every day, We meet,—but ne'er again.

Far high up in a third-year lounge The Arts Form "slaves" apart, Learning such peculiar subjects as Int. Dec., and Hist. of Art.

While struggling Matric.-ers Wile away the morning sweet Calling Trig., and Lit. and History Naughty names we can't repeat.

Now there's Nancy of the Arts Form, (Her informal title's Doane); And no matter what she's doing, She just can't leave Art alone.

Oh Willie's gay! She's lots to say! We love to hear her chatter, If she had to choose 'twixt South and School, We're glad she chose the latter.

O, Juliet loves waltzes! She'd play them all day long; And she's most domesticated— Her sewing's seldom wrong. Di Saunders plays pianos here, She also plays them there. And, being in the Arts Form, This is her only care.

Sue Edwards' game is photographs, At which she is most adept. And many of her efforts Really should be kept. (out of sight!)

Poor, miserable Frances
Used to work so hard and late;
She couldn't play—but then she dropped
Five subjects—What a fate!

Anne Shaw comes in from Aylmer Sometimes early, sometimes late; And in Modern History classes She remembers every date.

"I'm going to scream!" O'Donnell cries, When something's going wrong, She hardly ever does so, though, She's never mad for long.

Anne Bethune's special flair, it seems, Is calling people names; If English is inadequate, In German she declaims.

Smitty welcomes Spring again, She hates the Winter drear; She likes to think she's doing Art, And some Matric. this year.

ex

Elmwood, last Autumn, sadly relinquished its long standing association with the Very Reverend E. Frank Salmon, who, with Mrs. Salmon, left Ottawa to live in Philadelphia. He had been taking our Scripture classes for a considerable number of years, preparing our candidates for Confirmation and acting as chairman for the School Closing.

We cannot fail to take advantage of this opportunity to express our feelings of boundless gratitude to the Dean who has for so long been guide, philosopher and friend to so many Elmwoodians, past and present. He leaves a gap in our midst that will not easily be filled. We console ourselves, however, with the thought that our loss is Philadelphia's gain. Let us wish him every possible success and happiness in his new environment.

SCHOOL SWING

Mrs. Buck—''You're an Education.'' Mr. Buck—"Pennies from Heaven." Miss Mills—''Just one More Chance.'' Miss Estrup—''Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in The Morning." Miss Eason—"Deep in a Dream."
Miss Butler—"Just a Simple Melody."
Miss Orbell—"Small Fry."
Miss Neal—"At Your Service, Madame." Miss Neal—"At Your Service, Madame."
Miss Blair—"Everything Stops for Tea."
Miss Tipple—"I Know That You Know."
Miss Maclean—"You Appeal to Me."
Miss Lawson—"My Fine Feathered Friend."
Miss Adams—"When Irish Eyes are
Smiling."
Miss May—"Deep Purple."
Miss Wincott—"Thanks for the Memory."
Mile Jugo—"Si Patita" Mlle. Juge—"Si Petite."

Miss Woolaver—"Hold Tight" [to the ball]. History—"Mr. Christopher Columbus." Literature—'`Treasure Island.'' French—'Parlez-moi d'amour.''

Composition—"I could Write a Sonnet." Latin—''There's a Latin from Manhattan.''

Geometry—''Did I Remember?'' Physics—''I Was Doing All right till You Came By.''

Algebra—''I Could Learn My A B C's, But— Singing and Music—"Alexander's Ragtime Band.

Dancing—"Lambeth Walk."

Rising Bell—''Sleepy Head.'' Breakfast—''Oh, Let's Turn Out the Light and Go to Sleep.'' School—"So Help Me." Lunch—"Where Are You?" Walk—"My Walking Stick." Tea-"You Came to My Rescue." Prep.—"Boo Hoo." Supper—"Temptation." Bed—"About a Quarter to Nine." Lights Out—"Who Blew Out the Flame?" Prayers—"Cathedral in the Pines." Saturday Out—"My Reverie." Teachers' Meeting—"Remember Me."

> -Joan Somerville Nightingale

—Susan Kenny

"ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS"

OBERT E. SHERWOOD is an outstanding Playwright who came from the United States to serve in the Canadian forces during the Great War. He has written many successful plays, such as "The Road to Rome" and "Waterloo Bridge". He has already been awarded the Pulitzer Prize with "Idiot's Delight" and now again with "Abe Lincoln in Illinois". This stirring play is, I think, without doubt the greatest drama produced within recent years.

Raymond Massey, Canadian-born, magnificently portrays the rôle of the American "Liberator". His interpretation has been acclaimed by United States critics, who judged that only an American-born could fitly play the part, and the universality of appeal is indicated by the presentation of the Delia Austrian medal for the most distinguished performance of the season.

``Abe Lincoln in Illinois'' is not just another historical play about Abraham Lincoln, but about a man who accepted the responsibility of his country and its people, and received it

as his challenge from the world.

The play begins with Lincoln as a young man, struggling with his grammar in Mentor Graham's cabin, New Salem. It continues with his election to Congress, his great love for Ann Rutledge and his overwhelming sorrow at her death. Later he meets Mary Todd who predicts that the man she marries will be President of the United States. She sees in him the qualities of a great man and they become engaged. He, realizing that her ambition will force him to great heights, runs away, returning in two years to ask her forgiveness.

The scene that impressed me most was the last, when Abe, standing on the platform of a railway train, before leaving for his inauguration at Washington, gives his farewell to the people of Springfield. As the lights fade, the crowd sings softly "While his soul goes marching on". When the curtain falls for the last time, we indeed feel that, even in these troubled times, his soul is marching with us.

This is in truth a play where character

conquers circumstance.

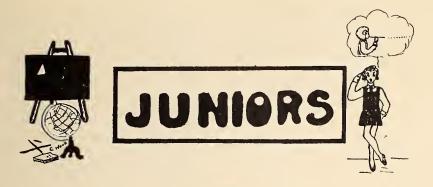
As scene after scene passes before our eyes, we realize that the situation which faced Abe is very similar to the one facing us in our democracy to-day.

—Betty Massey, Fry House.



Muriel Kirkland and Raymond Massey in "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"





JASPER

It was a summer day, and Jane, Nancy and I were reading when we heard a low bark by the gate. We kept on reading, as we thought it was only the neighbour's dog, who always wanted to get inside the gate and beg for cookies. But the dog barked again, and, this time, his bark was almost a whine. I looked round and I saw a tiny puppy, standing by the gate. His front paw was cut, and he looked very thin and forlorn.

I called to the others to come and we went over to the gate and picked up the pup. We showed him to our mother and asked if we might keep him. She said we might, if nobody claimed him; for we would have to put a notice in the paper. I bandaged his feet and gave him a bath. The poor pup was very friendly and very hungry. After we had fed him we took him outside and played with him in the garden.

When night came, he was put in a basket in the kitchen, near the stove. Mother advertised in the paper, and I remember waiting for days in the hope that nobody would claim him.

Several people came to see our pup, but they all went away again. At last Mother said we could keep him. The first thing we did was to name him. Jane suggested Tim, I suggested Paddy, but at last Nancy thought of Jasper. The name just suited him, and when we called "Jasper," he looked at us enquiringly and wagged his tail. That was how Jasper came to us.

Jasper seemed to like his new name. He stayed with us for three years. Then, one cold winter night, he suddenly disappeared. We called him, but no answer came.

At last we could wait no longer, and each of us set out in search of him. I walked towards the lake, and had gone only a little way when I met Jane. She had seen no sign of Jasper, and we started off together to look for him again.

All at once, I heard his bark. I can remember it even now, so clear, and, through the still cold air, so plaintive. We ran on, all the while calling his name. We had reached the middle of the river and Jasper was coming towards us. I did not hear the ice crack nor Jane's anxious call until I slipped on a piece of upturned ice. My body struck the thin ice with force, so that it gave way and I found myself in the icy water. I struggled, and would have gone under if Jasper had not hung on to my coat with his teeth, while I struggled to get myself onto the ice. Then Jane came and pulled me out, but Jasper—she forgot Jasper!

I can still see the look in his eyes as he swam his last stroke, then gave a pitiful whine, pushed out his paw, and drifted under the ice.

I shall never forget Jasper and I am sure none of my sisters will do so either. We have another dog now. We call him Jasper, after the other Jasper, but we shall never love him quite as much as the real Jasper.

> —Jean Stewart III A—Fry House

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

We regret that owing to lack of space, we are unable to print more than two Scenes of the Haunted House. The subsequent plot development and characterization show that Ann has dramatic talent. We hope to see the play acted by the Junior School.

CHARACTERS

The Ghost	
Four Beautiful Ladies	
The Black Figure	
A Nasty Little Man	
The Black Cat	
The Owl	
Mrs. Jones	
Joan	
Mary	
Bob	
Tony	

ACT I.—Scene 1

The scene is a little cottage in the woods. Mary and Joan are sitting on the verandah. They are talking.

Joan-"I wonder who lives in the old wooden house over there."

Mary—"I really don't know, but people say it is haunted by a terrible ghost."

Joan—"I am not going to believe that a ghost is in there. . . Let us go there ourselves to-night and find out why there is so much mystery about the house.

Mary—"Oh, no, I am not going for anything, because the ghost might come and take us in there and kill us."

Joan—"Don't be silly, Mary. Please do come with me. Oh! look here comes Tony now. I will ask him to come with me."

[Joan jumps up and runs down to ask Tony.] Tony—"Hullo, Joan, what's wrong?"

Joan—"Nothing, Tony, will you come with me to the old wooden house to-night and see who really lives there?"

Tony—"I'd love to do so. Is Mary going

too?"

[Mary runs down the steps].

Mary—``No, I am not, Tony.''
Joan—``She's silly, she says the ghost will kill us.''

Tony—"Perhaps Mary does not want to go, though."

[Tony winks at Joan].

Mary—"I saw you wink at Joan. I think you are both dreadful." [Mary bursts into tears and her mother, Mrs. Jones, comes out

of the cottage].

Mrs. Jones—"Now Joan and Tony, don't be unkind to Mary. You must not forget that she is much younger than you. Poor little girl, come in." [Mrs. Jones takes Mary

in and shuts the door behind her].

Joan—"Ha, ha, ha, ha, he he, poor little Mary, she will probably get a candy, and I am afraid we will have to go to bed for the rest of the day for teasing her.'

Tony—"I hope we don't."

Joan—"So do I."

[Bob comes running in from out of the woods, runs up to Tony and Joan and cries in great excitement].

Bob—"Oh, gracious me, I had a fright."

Tony—"What happened. You look as if you had seen a ghost."

Bob-"I did not see one, but I feel sure that I heard it."

Joan—"Don't be silly, I don't really think there are ghosts, but maybe one fancies there are."

Bob—"Well, it sounded very strange, and I was very frightened."

Joan—"Where did you hear this noise, Bob?''

Bob—"I was in the garden near the old wooden house which has been empty for so long."

Joan—"Let us all go there and see what it really was."

SCENE 2.

[Near the old wooden house.]

Tony—"What was that?"

Joan—"I did not hear anything."

Tony—"It is quite all right. It was only a bird singing.'

Bob—"Look, quickly look, there is a horrid little man coming out of the front door of the old wooden house."

Joan—"Let us go and ask him what he is doing, and if anyone lives there."

Tony-"Yes, come on, don't let's be afraid."

Joan [approaching the old man]—"Please, Sir, will you tell us if anyone lives in the old wooden house now?"

The Little Man [replies in a very gruff voice]—"I do, and I have two friends. Now

go away at once out of my grounds."

Joan—"Please, Sir, we are very tired and want to rest somewhere for the night. Would you let us come in?"

The Little Man-"All right, but you can

only stay to-night. Come along in.

Joan—"Thank you. Come on, Bob and Tony."

Tony [in a whisper]—"Burr, it's dark in here and very cold."

Bob-"Shhhh."

Joan—"Where shall we sleep, Sir?"

The Little Man—"You will have to sleep with the owl and the black cat, of course. I have no other room."

Tony—"What are all these other rooms for, Sir?"

Little Man-"You must not be inquisitive."

Joan—"Be quiet, you boys."

Bob-"We will."

Little Man—"Here's your room in this great hole in the wall. Now get in there."

Bob—"We will, do not be so impatient."

Little Man—"Now be quiet and get to sleep." . . [He shuts the door].

Bob—"Oh, dear, where are we? I do wish we had stayed at home. I do not like the look of this place at all." [He whispers]. "Do look at that terrible black cat. I do hope she will not harm us."

The Owl—[Joan is startled]. Too-wit, too-woo, too-wit, too-woo.

Joan [almost in tears]—"Look at that owl's eyes. I do hope he will not peck at us. I do wish we could get out of this room. I wonder if we can escape. I do not think the little man will allow us out until the morning now."

[The three children glance around the room and find that all the windows are locked and that there is no way out without disturbing the old man].

Tony—"I do not like this place at all, and I wonder if we will ever escape home again."

Bob—"Golly-wogs! Joan, now you have got us in a jam."

Joan—"Now don't be scared, boys. I know that if the worst comes to the worst, Mary will be sure to say where we have gone to and will send messengers after us."

[The three children all lie down together on the floor of the room, keeping very close].

Joan—"It is very quiet here now and the big cat has gone to sleep. Don't you think she seems to be a very large cat? I have never seen such a big creature. I wonder how long she has been in this house."

Bob—"Let's forget we are here and go

to sleep.''

[They turn over and try to go to sleep].

Tony—"What's that noise? It sounds like

someone walking."

Joan—"Don't be silly, it's raining outside and that is the rain on the roof; it must be very heavy rain."

Bob—"Good-night and let us hope for a happy morning."

—Ann Murray

THE FAIRIES

Pitter, patter, pitter, patter,
Comes the gentle beat
Of the little fairy feet,
On the moors where they meet;
And Oh! the fun they have together,
Dancing all among the heather.

—MARGARET BRONSON

eso

THE STREAM

It flows down by the willow banks
This lovely silver stream—
It rambles past the old saw mills
And way out to the dreaming hills,
On past the wooden bridge,
O'er tumbling falls and rocky ridge.
This little stream.

What grows along its mossy banks?
What whispers overhead?
The flowers, birds and little bees,
The squirrels in the old oak trees,
The clouds that sail in a tiny breeze,
And waving grass that grows beside
This little stream.

-DIANA GILL Fry

FORM NOTES

III A, B, II, I, and Preparatory

Janet Edwards is an all-round girl, very popular in our class.

Diana Gill is our skater, and cuts very fine figures at the Minto.

Jean Stewart is renowned among us as the only boarder in the junior school.

Poor Pat Archdale had scarlet fever, which spoiled her fun at Christmas time.

Jessie Gilmour joined us at Christmas and was eagerly welcomed by all of us.

We have just welcomed Jeanne Bryson back. She has recently recovered from a long illness, and we have not seen much of her at school.

Babs Soper entertained us at our first Tea Dance. It was most enjoyable.

Mary Blackburn has the record of being the most punctual girl in the class.

Janie Viets is our outstanding horse-woman. She has won the Cup for the hands and seat contest.

Anne Murray is another keen sports girl and with Margaret Bronson is a keen worker.

Rosemary Mackeen and Elizabeth Patterson are ardent Lone Ranger fans, and show just the same keenness for school.

Ayako Tomii is our representative from Japan.

Marjorie Key joined Form I in February.

The Preparatory consists of five little children, eager to work and play. They are Diana Davis, Elizabeth Archdale, Ann Maynard, Marjorie Mackeen and Andrea Hadley. We are glad that Diana is back again after her illness at Christmas.

—Ruth Osler IIIa Nightingale

000

THE SETTING SUN

When the setting sun lowers on the horizon, I lie and watch the golden rays as they spread over the sky, like the petals of a flower.

The setting sun is not a common sight, for often clouds of rain will hide the beauty of its radiance as it sinks to rest behind some purple hills.

—Janet Edwards Keller—Form II A.

A LITTLE BROWN DOG

There's a little brown house on the top of a hill, Where a little brown dog sits very still, He watches the children going to school, While his master is chopping up wood for fuel; He comes out early and sits there late, To see that no enemy enters the gate; His mistress is going to market to-day, And he will follow her all the way.

—Jessie Gilmour Keller House

3 A.

000

IN THE LAND OF NOD

HEN I go to sleep at night, I always visit the Land of Nod. Sometimes I dream of fairies. They are such funny little things that they make me laugh with joy. I see the fairies play in flowers and under leafy trees. Sometimes elephants and monkeys come playing in the forest and the monkeys swing from tree to tree, and jump around to join the fairies in their fun. When the morning comes at last I return from the Land of Nod, but I will go there again to-night.

—Elizabeth Paterson.

eso

THE MUSICIAN

As I'm walking in the country,
New ideas come to me;
Of brooks gurgling,
Of birds a-winging,
And in their nest the thrushes singing.
All these lovely thoughts I'm bringing
To you on my violin.

—RUTH OSLER Nightingale

eso

THE MINTO FOLLIES

I went to the Follies on Friday night.
You ought to go. It's a wonderful sight;
I saw Ted Cave and Otto Gold,
And Hazel Franklin, I am told.
She's a wonderful little English girl.
Oh, you should see her spin and twirl.

—P. Archdale Nightingale House

SPRING

Little streams again are gurgling,
Here and there, here and there.
Lovely violets blooming,
For your hair, for your hair.
Blossoms on the trees appearing,
Pink and white, pink and white.
Round the flowers moths are winging,
Gay and bright, gay and bright.
Thrushes once again are singing,
A goodnight—a goodnight.
—RUTH OSLER

---RUTH USLER Nightingale

000

THE HOSTESS

Hair swept up in new-set curls, Ready for a guest, My doll stands in fine array On the nursery chest.

Stately as a doll can be, Holding a bouquet; As a proper hostess should, She asks her guest to stay.

Sweet and good and beautiful, In a frothy gown, She's a movie star you know, Come to visit town.

-RUTH OSLER
Nightingale House
III A.

೦೦೦

AN OLD-FASHIONED TRUNK

The trunk in the attic is big and fat, Full of dresses and cloaks and many a hat. My Granny used them when she was young; I play with them now and have great fun.

One day when it was wet outside, I thought I'd take a look inside, When I opened it up to its fullest height, I then did see a most beautiful sight.

With billowing skirts that floated high, And cloaks that blew in the windy sky, Hats with plumes, so gay to see; I think that none would e'er fit me. I'll leave this trunk, and leave my play, And tell you more another day.

> —Jessie Gilmour 3A—Keller House

THE SNOW FLAKES

Hello, little snow flakes, Coming from the sky; All dressed in white as through The air you fly.

You rested on my window sill,
And talked until I slept;
And when I woke the sun shone bright,
And all the world was shining white.

—Ауако Томи

000

THE RAINDROPS

Plip! Plop! Plip! Plop!
Say the little raindrops!
They splash on my window pane,
One, two three, they come again,
They splash on the house tops,
They splash on the steeple,
They splash on the sidewalks,
And on to the people.

—ROSEMARY MACKEEN

e~a

A DOG'S LIFE

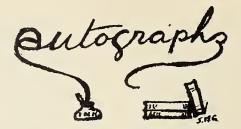
So many lessons,
A pup must learn,
He gets into trouble
At every turn.
He can chew a ball
To his heart's content,
But chew a shoe
And there's punishment.

Bark at strangers—
Nice little feller!
But bark at a friend—
It's "Down in the cellar!"
Beg in the parlour—
A clever trick!
Beg at the table—
"Down there, quick!"

He rolls in the grass— "He's very cute," Roll in the flowers And dodge a boot.

The ways of humans Have got no sense. A pup must learn By experience.

> —Lois Lambert Fry House



SAMARA



So Satisfying!

WHY NOT ENJOY ONE EVERY DAY?

C.3715



SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Mrs. C. H. Buck—{Elmwood, Rockcliffe, Ottawa Residence: 231 Buena Vista Road, Rockcliffe, Ottawa.

THE STAFF

Miss B. Adams—68 Fairmont Ave., Ottawa

Miss M. Blair—3 Crown Circus, Glasgow, Scotland

Miss M. Butler—Gartref, Horsham, Sussex, England

Miss B. Eason—Boundary Oak, Wallis Road, Waterlooville, Hants, England

Miss G. Estrup—59 Yates St., St. Catharines, Ont. Mademoiselle Y. Judge—Metis Beach, Quebec

Miss N. Lawson—242 Powell Avenue

Miss H. N. May—434 Elm Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.

Miss A. MacLean-576 Huron St., Toronto, Ont.

Miss E. M. Mills—363 Island Park Drive, Ottawa

Miss C. K. Moore—125 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa

Miss K. A. Neal—Elmwood, Rockcliffe, Ottawa.

Miss D. H. Orbell—Pentlow, Oxlea Road, Torquay, Devon, England

Miss D. C. Tipple—Westfield School, Cobwell Road, Retford, Notts, England.

Miss M. Woolaver-Newport, Nova Scotia.

Alexander, Juliet Elizabeth—Box 422 Burlington, Ont. Archdale, Patricia June Helen—Ashbury House, Rockcliffe Park Archdale, Elizabeth Russel—Ashbury House, Rockcliffe Park Aylen, Priscilla—91 Cartier Street, Ottawa

Baker, Nancy Isobel—44 Jackes Ävenue, Toronto
Bethune, Anne—Berkenfels, Rockcliffe, Ottawa
Bell, Frances Caroline Louise—103 Howick St., Rockcliffe
Black, Beatrice Elizabeth—P.O. Box 246, Buckingham, P.Q.
Blackburn, Alice Frances Ogden,—Blackburn House, Box 232, Ottawa
Blackburn, Mary Lennox—Blackburn House, Box 232, Ottawa
Bowman, Nancy Ann Elizabeth Haddon—446 Cloverdale Road, Rockcliffe
Bronson, Margaret W.—725 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe
Bryson, Jeanne—256 Clemow Ave, Ottawa
Booth, Pamela—Coltrin Road, Rockcliffe

Caldwell Katherine Elizabeth—Iroquois, Ont. Christie, Nadine—101 Admiral Road, Toronto Creighton, Catherine Joan—325 Stewart St., Ottawa Cross, Winifred Marion—655 Victoria Ave, Westmount

Daniels, Margery Joan—3250 Cedar Ave., Westmount Davis, Diana—Mariposa Road, Rockcliffe Davies, Ann Constance—200 Maclaren St., Ottawa Doane, Elizabeth Nancy—652 Rideau Crescent, Ottawa Douglas, Gaye—226 MacLaren St., Ottawa

Edwards, Susan Cameron—Roxborough Apts., Ottawa Edwards, Mary Maxwell—55 MacKay St., Ottawa Edwards, Elizabeth Gordon—55 MacKay St., Ottawa Edwards, Janet Cameron—55 MacKay St., Ottawa

Foster, Frances May—195 Oxford St., Winnipeg

Gerard, Margaret Ann—49 McKinnon Road, Rockcliffe German, Gillian [Gill] Anne Macdonell—180 Howick St., Rockcliffe Gill, Diana Thistle—190 Somerset St., Ottawa Gilmour, Jessie Louise—240 Charlotte St., Ottawa

Hadley, Andrea Katherine—28 Aylmer Road, Hull, P.Q.

Inkster, Muriel Fairbanks—18 Rideau Terrace, Ottawa

Kenny, Susan Ann—Buckingham, Que. Key, Marjorie—280 Park Road, Rockcliffe King, Margaret Vivienne—352 Stewart St., Ottawa

Lambert, Lois—240 Coltrin Road, Rockcliffe Lewis, Norah Travers—38 Blackburn St., Ottawa

Massey, Elizabeth Caroline—34 Alexandra Wood, Toronto Maynard, Mary Ann—382 Mariposa, Rockcliffe Gladstone-Murray, Margaret Ann—102 Park Road, Rockcliffe MacKeen, Rosemary Anne—Aylmer Road, Hull, P.Q. MacKeen, Marjorie—Aylmer Road, Hull, P.Q.

O'Donnell, Patricia Dorothy—29 Drummond St., Perth, Ont. Osler, Mary Kate—303 Stewart St., Ottawa Osler, Kathleen Ruth—303 Stewart St., Ottawa Owen, Damaris Enid Hendrie—3467 Ontario Ave., Montreal

Perley-Robertson, Clair—541 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe Paterson, Mary—275 MacLaren St., Ottawa Powell, Anne Murray—290 Coltrin Road, Rockcliffe

Saunders, Diana Macaulay—3085 The Boulevard, Montreal Shaw, Ann Gordon—Deschenes Farm, Eardley Road, Aylmer, P.Q. Sims, Cynthia Mary Evelyn—46 Marlborough Ave., Ottawa Smith, Jane Windsor—100 Oriole Parkway, Toronto Somerville, Joan—631 Carleton Ave., Westmount Soper, Barbara Joan—Marchmont, Coltrin Road, Rockcliffe Stewart, Joan Elizabeth—42 Stanley Avenue, Ottawa

Tetley, Jocelyn Penfold—65 St. Sulpice Road, Westmount Thomson, Joan Elizabeth—100 Lisgar Road, Ottawa Tomii Ayako—192 Daly Ave., Ottawa

Vaughan, Gloria Mary—The Chateau, Sherbrooke St., Montreal Viets, Elizabeth Jane—641 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe Park

Wallace, Sarah Elizabeth Gwendoline—153 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe Whitby, Phillida Wynne—250 Manor Road, Rockcliffe Wilson, Audrey Claire—3566 Peel St., Montreal Wilson, Norma—The Manor House, Rockcliffe Wilson, Diana Mary—East Angus, Quebec Wurtele, Mary Tryphena Wilma—116 Howick St., Rockcliffe

Compliments of OTTAWA DAIRY



President

CAPITOL THEATRE

Canada's Most Beautiful
Theatre

Where you see the choicest product of the World's greatest studios.

G. T. GREEN

Decorator

7-0235

750 BANK STREET

D. KEMP EDWARDS

LIMITED

Lumber

OTTAWA 8-4064 EASTVIEW 6-0182 Phone 6-0982

Night 6-6062

CRAIG & WEST

LIMITED

Florists

Corner SPRINGFIELD ROAD and RIDEAU TERRACE

OTTAWA - - CANADA

Compliments of

PHOTOGRAPHIC STORES

LIMITED

65 SPARKS STREET

OTTAWA

CANADA

ARMSTRONG & RICHARDSON

SHOE SPECIALISTS

We are Exclusive Agents for the Elmwood School Shoes

"SHOE REPAIR SHOP"
96 BANK STREET DIAL 3-1271

79 SPARKS STREET

Dial 3-1222

Do Your Laundry the Easy Economical Way, Simply Phone

2-9446

THE OTTAWA

SANITARY LAUNDRY

CO., LIMITED

LAUNDERERS DRY CLEANERS EXPERT DYERS CARPET CLEANERS

Compliments of

The E. B. Eddy Company Limited

HULL - CANADA

Makers of
WHITE SWAN TISSUE

Finest Quality Obtainable

A Safeguard to Health

Compliments of

SUTHERLAND & PARKINS

Prescription Opticians

PHONE: 2-0866

113 SPARKS STREET OTTAWA



FLOWER SHOP

69 SPARKS STREET

Phone 2-1775

CONSERVATORIES

200 BEECHWOOD AVENUE

PHONE 6-1100

Member of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association Incorporated



HETHER you're off for a jaunt in the woods or a walk through the city—you want hosiery that's as smart-fitting and becoming as the suit you wear! So you choose a gay new shade of Corticelli . . . in 4-thread, perhaps, at one dollar! Other qualities up to one-ninety-five. For that grand exhilarating feeling that comes only when every last detail is perfect, always include Corticelli in your ensemble!



"CHOICE OF THE DISCRIMINATING"



EVERY GIRL should have a

SAVINGS ACCOUNT...

so that she may learn the value of money and begin laying it aside for future needs. Your savings account — whatever its size — is welcome at Canada's oldest bank.

BANK OF MONTREAL

"a bank where small accounts are welcome"

Compliments of

UNDERWOOD ELLIOT FISHER LIMITED

J. J. Seitz, President
J. L. Seitz, Vice-President

Underwood Typewriters

135 VICTORIA STREET TORONTO

McKECHNIE MUSIC CO.

Music and Musical Instruments

175 SPARKS STREET
(Orme's Store)

OTTAWA

KAVANAGH BROS.

78 QUEEN STREET OTTAWA

PHONE 2-9651

Grocers and Importers of Quality Foods since 1869

Specializing in Old Country products from Crosse & Blackwell Ltd. and Huntley & Palmers Ltd.

Experts
in
Permanent
Waving



—and
all
Beauty
Services

MArquette 9363

MArquette 9363

MArquette 9363

LIMITED

1198 St. Catherine Street W., Montreal

O.E.R. BUS DEPT.

Ottawa's De Luxe Motor Coach Service

Operates sightseeing busses throughout the Capital District during the summer months, starting from the Chateau Laurier

Private Motor Coaches of the Most Comfortable Design Provided at Reasonable Rates for Local and Out-of-Town Trips

Telephone Day or Night — 2-2266

The OTTAWA ELECTRIC RAILWAY CO.

Birks DIAMONDS

Keepsake Gifts in Birks Sterling

KENNETH A. GREENE I. PERLEY-ROBERTSON

GREENE & ROBERTSON

All Lines of Insurance Government and Municipal Bonds

TELEPHONE 2-3576

53 METCALFE STREET OTTAWA, Canada

JAS. R. BENNIE, Manager

LAPOINTE FISH COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail Dealers
FISH - GAME - POULTRY

Phone 6-0221

BY WARD MARKET
OTTAWA

CAMP OCONTO

A Private Camp for School Girls
(90 Miles from Ottawa)

For further information address

MISS FERNA GRAHAM HALLIDAY

100 Garfield Avenue - Moore Park
TORONTO

T

A

X

I

RED LINE TAXIS

Our policy of paying the highest wages in Ottawa attracts the most courteous and dependable drivers.

6-4200



THE CITIZEN

PUBLISHED DAILY AT OTTAWA, IN THE CITIZEN BUILDING SPARKS STREET

BY

The Citizen Publishing Co.

LIMITED



THE CITIZEN AIMS TO BE AN INDEPENDENT, CLEAN NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME, DEVOTED TO THE PUBLIC SERVICE

THORBURN & ABBOTT

LIMITED

BOOKSELLERS and STATIONERS

Waterman and Sheaffer's Fountain Pens

115 SPARKS STREET

- OTTAWA

Keep Youthful with Milk

The

PRODUCERS DAIRY LTD.

J. FREEDMAN & SON Limited

Wholesale Grocers and Produce Merchants

ESTABLISHED 1891

43 GEORGE STREET

OTTAWA, ONTARIO

"Vikingized" FUELS....

ANTHRACITE

and

BITUMINOUS COALS

OF ALL KINDS

for Industrial and Home Use

"HECO"

FUEL OIL

Metered Deliveries Uniformed Drivers

CHARCOAL

and

COMBUSTION SERVICE

THE VIKING HOT OIL VAPOR PROCESS is the most modern and most efficient method of dust-proofing coal and coke.

By this process heat units are added to the fuel which is made "dustless to the last shovelful."

A Humanitarian Labour Policy

We pay our employees the highest rates of wages and protect their dependents with Group Insurance.

Dependability

We have five storages strategically located in different sections of the city to ensure prompt and efficient service and to protect our customers in case of a coal shortage.

JOHN HENEY & SON

LIMITED

Coal - Coke - Fuel Oil

OTTAWA

Head Office: 40-42 ELGIN STREET

TELEPHONE 2-9451 6 TRUNK LINES TO CENTRAL

"Over 71 years of unfailing attention to the fuel needs of this community."

GATINEAU BUS SERVICE

Regular Service to:

AYLMER - - CHELSEA BUCKINGHAM

from Bus Terminal, Corner of George and Dalhousie Streets, Ottawa.

SPECIAL TRIPS
Arranged at Short Notice

GATINEAU BUS COMPANY-LIMITED

Telephone 2-2721 HULL, Que.

Compliments of

C. H. McCreery

Grocer

40 CREIGHTON STREET OTTAWA

We've styles to suit every wile—

For frolicsome evenings,

For daytime wear,

Or those joyous outings,

In the open air.

Charles Ogilvy

When the Occasion

DEMANDS ELEGANCE

the Shoes are Chosen

AT THIS SHOP

Shoe

LIMITED

199 SPARKS STREET

Compliments of

W. J. CARSON LIMITED

Distinctive Decorators

291 LAURIER AVE., WEST

PHONE 2-1713

Compliments of

Leech's Rexall Drug Store

128 CRICHTON STREET

TELEPHONE 3-1122

By Appointment to Their Excellencies THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND THE LADY TWEEDSMUIR

JAMES DAVIDSON'S SONS

EVERYTHING IN LUMBER

Our Lumber and Millwork is supplied to nearly all the homes now being erected in Rockcliffe



8-0214

OTTAWA Ontario

The BRONSON COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS

of

GROUND WOOD PULP



OTTAWA

Canada

ATTENTION

ART STUDENTS

We carry a complete line of Oil and Water Colors for the Student, as well as our regular line of Winsor & Newtons Artists supplies.



The ONTARIO HUGHES-OWENS Co. Ltd.

527 SUSSEX ST.

Telephone 6-1138

OTTAWA

CECIL BETHUNE

ALFRED C. BETHUNE

DEWAR & BETHUNE

Insurance

304 OTTAWA ELECTRIC BUILDING

Telephone 2-9409

OTTAWA - - CANADA

Calderone, Grieves & Co.

GROCERIES, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Fancy Baskets a Specialty

PHONE 2-7358

215 BANK STREET OTTAWA Δ

Compliments

of

A Jackman

 ∇



Compliments
of an Interested
Organization





Compliments of SHELL OIL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Compliments of

JAMES HOPE &

SONS Limited

BOOKSELLERS STATIONERS and PRINTERS

Phone: 2-2493

JAS. F. CUNNINGHAM, F.C.A. CAN., C.A.
G. DE H. CUNNINGHAM, C.A.

CUNNINGHAM & CO.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

PHONE: 2-0664

210 BOOTH BUILDING
165 SPARKS STREET OTTAWA

NORMAN W. CAMPBELL

Chemist and Druggist

 ∇

TELEPHONE 3-3132

71 SPARKS STREET OTTAWA, ONTARIO

The Popular Shop for Gifts

McINTOSH & WATTS

China and Cut Glass

SUITABLE for SHOWERS
WEDDINGS and ANNIVERSARIES

Latest Novelties and Kitchenware

TELEPHONE: 2-6383

CHINA HALL 245-247 BANK ST., OTTAWA, Can.

Compliments of the

NEW EDINBURGH MARKET

Meat Fish Groceries
Fresh Fruit and Vegetables

6-0417

67 CREIGHTON STREET

J. F. CUNNINGHAM

G. DE H. CUNNINGHAM

R. RUSSELL SPARKS

CUNNINGHAM & SPARKS

INSURANCE

Representing

Mercantile Fire Insurance Co.
Northern Assurance Co.
Phoenix Assurance Co., of London, Eng.
Canada Accident and Fire Assurance Co.
Boiler Inspection & Insurance Co.

PHONE: 2-0664

210 BOOTH BUILDING
165 SPARKS STREET O

OTTAWA

Come to the Devlin

SUMMER SPORTS SHOP

--- for all that is new in Outdoor Toggery

"Excercise Suits" - -

Slacks and Jackets for Town and Country -- "Princess" and "Skintite" Bathers - - and clever Accessories for Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

— Prices Pleasingly Low —





Mary Graham

Frances Fox Treatment

PERMANENTS, FINGER WAVING

Kathleen Mary Quinlan Cosmetics

2-9766

165 SPARKS STREET

Δ

Compliments

of

N. F. WILSON

 ∇

COLDERAIR

Air-Conditioned Ice Refrigerators

Ask about our complete Refrigeration Plan

Ottawa Artificial Ice Co. Ltd.

Makers of
GERM PROOF ICE

Phone 6-0266 387 Nicholas Street

Plaunt Hardware Company

Headquarters for Kitchen and Enamelware

Sporting Goods - Tennis - Golf and Badminton



ARE HERE AGAIN



Guard precious young eyes with adequate light from dependable Edison Mazda Lamps. For close work use 100 watt size, now 25c.

MADE IN CANADA

FOR BETTER LIGHT - BETTER SIGHT-USE

EDISON/MAZDA

1-18

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., Limited

POWELL'S 1 1 1 Cleaners and Dyers

A SELECT SERVICE FOR THE CLASSES

Each article receives individual attention

Phone 2-4146

Your garments retain their newness indefinitely

SEPARATE DEPARTMENT

MARK POWELL , , High Class Ladies' Tailor
IMPORTED FABRICS FROM PARIS AND LONDON
93 O'CONNOR STREET

KENNETH MEDONALD & SONS, Limited Established 1876



SEEDS PLANTS BULBS

Seedsmen & Nurserymen Karket So., OTTAWA , Canada. Gatalogue on Request

PRODUCED by the

PHOTOGELATINE ENGRAVING COMPANY LIMITED

Fine Illustration Printers without the Need of "Cuts"

469-473 WELLINGTON STREET

OTTAWA





